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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE second reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried on Monday night, by a majority of 80 (356 votes to 276). The reduction of the normal majority for Home Rule was due in the main to the abstention of the eight O'Brienites, or Healyites, the accidental absence of one or two unpaired Liberals, and the hostile vote of two semi-Liberals—Sir Clifford Cory and Mr. Agar-Robartes. This indicates no change in the material forces, but the debates showed a clear, though slow and cautious, approximation of parties. This was sufficiently shown in four important speeches, Mr. Redmond's, Sir Edward Carson's, Mr. Law's, and Mr. Birrell's. Mr. Law's advance was perhaps the most definite, for he agreed to a resumption of "conversations" between leaders. These gentlemen are now subject not only to the pressure of events, but to that of their own back benches, who, in the words of Sir John Barran, threaten them with a combined vote of censure, "if they will not at once put their heads together and contrive a solution." Here lies the real line of advance, and not in such an unreal tender as that of Mr. Bonar Law, who promised, with Lord Lansdowne's concurrence, that if a general election gave the Government the support of the people, the House of Lords would "allow" them to place the Bill on the Statute Book "without change" and "without delay." That, no doubt, represents a one-sided settlement of a party quarrel, but it is no settlement of Ulster.

THE real *rapprochement* must be traced in Sir Edward Carson's remarkable speech and in Mr. Birrell's response to it. For once, Sir Edward appealed to moral

rather than to physical forces—in itself a great gain. "You can never," he said, speaking with much feeling and with an accent of sincerity—

"make force the transmitter of a message of peace to Ireland. There is only one policy possible, in my opinion, and it is this: Leave Ulster out until you have won her consent to come in. Even then do not imagine, if you pass your Bill, that I would not have bitter feelings. I would, I admit it. The hon. and learned gentleman said that we conceded nothing if that policy was adopted. Do you think that we have no heart-burnings over those loyal men outside Ulster who hate your Bill and loathe it just as much as Ulster, and who, but for their isolated position, would do exactly what Ulster is doing at this moment, and resist it?"

"The absent Minister (Sir Edward Grey) laid down two courses—settlement by force and settlement by consent. Notwithstanding the speech of the hon. member for Waterford, and however misunderstood I may be, I do now implore the Government to abandon all this idea of ever forcing this Bill upon Ulster. It certainly is not practicable, and, believe me, it is by far the longest road to peace in the end. It means the making once more of bitter history. Some people say, 'Scrap Ulster, and it will all be over. Keep your Army and your Navy there'—for how long, may I ask? How long will it be until this course eventuates in that consent which alone could bring about contented unity?"

FINALLY, Sir Edward Carson, turning to the Nationalist members, said:—

"This is what you have to overcome. This is the fabric which in all reality you have to build up. It is worth your trying it. Will you?"

We are inclined to say that this is the first step made from the side of Orange Ulster to bridge the dark gulf which keeps Protestant and Catholic Ireland asunder. It will be observed that Sir Edward plainly hinted at an agreed passage of the Bill provided Ulster's voluntary consent be sought.

MR. BIRRELL's response to this overture was almost unreserved. He said:—

"If Home Rule is ever to be what men in Ireland wish it to be, I agree with the conciliatory language of the right hon. gentleman: 'Ulster must be won.' I am entirely in accord with him: Ulster must be won, her opposition must be foregone, her unwillingness to take part in the self-government of her country must be conquered, and it cannot be done by force."

Mr. Birrell added that the Government wanted "to secure that Ulster should not be, as I quite admit she cannot be, driven into a Constitution to which she is averse." He thought that the Government could afford to stand on its own strength, the fairness of the Bill, the support of the vast majority of the Irish people, and the fact that under it Ulster could not be driven out of the Constitution or deprived of the protection of Parliament. But he admitted that time was wanted to bring the Covenanters into sympathy with Irish national ideas. On the other hand, Nationalist Ireland must not be asked to agree to permanent exclusion. Probably it was this danger-point which Mr. Redmond had in view

when he declared that as the Government's offer of a *plébiscite* of Ulster counties had been "spurned" and "rejected," it was "dead," and all that remained for the House to do was to proceed with the Bill as it stood. That, no doubt, is the formal logic of the party situation. But it is not the truth of the House of Commons situation.

* * *

THE Prime Minister is again a member of the House of Commons. The Tory Party in East Fife decided to abstain from fighting, provided Mr. Asquith's speeches were not "provocative." Mr. Asquith made the kind of speech he always makes, and the East Fife Tories decided to leave it at that. Liberals may well make the deduction that the election would have been fought had there been any reasonable chance of reducing the Prime Minister's majority or of imperilling his seat. Mr. Asquith's single speech was a model of reserve and firmness, and his address to the Army contained a sentence—"The Army will hear nothing of politics from me, and in return I expect to hear nothing of politics from the Army"—which should be a useful *vade mecum* for cavalry officers in trouble about their political souls. He also quoted a statement of the elder Pitt, uttered in the House of Commons in 1745:—

"The right of inquiring what measures may conduce to the advantage and security of the public belongs not to the Army but to this House. To this House belongs the power of constituting the Army or of advising his Majesty with regard to its constitution. Our armies have no better right to determine for themselves than any other body of men, nor are we to suffer them to prescribe laws to the Legislature, or to govern those by whose authority they subsist."

* * *

THE doctrine of optional obedience, said the Prime Minister, while it put Parliament in chains to armed force, must also infect the judiciary and the civil service, which yielded their services to each incoming Government (*e.g.*, in the construction of a Protective tariff or the maintenance of free trade) irrespective of the private opinions of individuals. On Ireland, the Prime Minister furnished three main guide-lines to Ministerial policy. The first was the passage of the Home Rule Bill, the second the temporary exclusion of Ulster, the third the construction of a "constitutional organism" for giving "greater efficiency in the conduct both of local and Imperial interests." This general conclusion was vague, but hopeful. "I am anxious for peace. I close no door for a settlement. But peace—and I say this for both sides, as well as for my own—must be peace with honor."

* * *

THE Labor Party have come to an important decision on the South African crisis. They have agreed to send Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Seddon on a mission of protest to General Botha, to call upon the Government to "counsel" the repeal of the perpetual banishment clause of the Indemnity Act, and to form a general and legal defence fund by a levy on trade unionists. The tone taken was moderate, Mr. MacDonald insisting that the Imperial Government's attitude must be one of remonstrance and not of direct interference. We strongly hope that both administrations will yield to the appeal of Labor. It was British Labor and British Liberalism which gave South Africa liberty. In return South Africa retorted by tearing up Magna Charta. History shows no grosser act of ingratitude.

* * *

THE restlessness of Russian policy is still the chief menace to European peace. When we have been sated with accounts of Russian armaments, we are next obliged

to listen to stories of Russian experiments with the balance of power. The policy of the Tsar's Court is still mainly directed towards using the Balkan League against Austria. Bulgaria has been humiliated, despoiled, and evicted from the combination. The leading idea is now to use Roumania. Rumor speaks of a forthcoming royal marriage between the Roumanian Crown Prince's son and a Russian Princess, and Bessarabia (stolen from Roumania after the Russo-Turkish war) will then, it is hinted, be restored as a dowry. This romantic story sounds improbable. But it has helped to encourage a strong pro-Russian and anti-Austrian current of opinion in Roumania, which has taken shape in violent street demonstrations in Bucharest. Patriots now call for war with Austria to liberate the Roumanians (who are in fact grossly oppressed by Hungary), and wind up their demonstrations by cheering under the windows of the Russian Legation.

* * *

A RETROSPECTIVE article in the "Cologne Gazette," which appears to be highly official, throws a curious light on the Russo-German armaments crisis. Its aim seems to be to placate Russia, to argue that she is only nominally a partner in the Triple Entente, and to suggest to her that her true *rôle* is not to play a part in Europe, but to expand in the East. The responsibility for the instability of the European balance is thrown upon France, and she also is told that she ought to be content with the management of her great empire outside Europe. The article then goes on to suggest that the present difficulties between Russia and Germany will be cleared up when the negotiations for the renewal of the treaty of commerce (which expires shortly) are concluded. In plain words, Russia is told that if she cares to detach herself a little further from the Triple Entente, she will be repaid by a favorable tariff arrangement; if not, then, presumably, there will be a tariff war, doubled by an accentuated competition in armaments. The idea is characteristically German. The sabre is rattled, the pendulum of the balance oscillates, and all the while the issue at stake is something economic.

* * *

IF General Villa retains the morals and manners of his brigand days, he is none the less a brave and capable soldier. After fighting which lasted ten days, he has taken the important town and junction of Torreon, which commands the road from the North to Mexico City. The Federal troops seem to have made a stout resistance, and received important reinforcements during the long battle. The number of killed is said to run into several thousands, and the town is filled with wounded men. The effects of this rebel victory must not, however, be exaggerated, for the defeated Federals have effected their retreat, and Villa's army has suffered too heavily to advance at all promptly. Villa continues all his old excesses, and has driven 600 Spanish subjects out of Torreon, after "temporarily" confiscating their goods. General Carranza's report on the death of Mr. Benton admits that he was stabbed to death, and states that this was done by an officer named Fierro, who was conducting him from Juarez to Chihuahua, after his quarrel with General Villa.

* * *

THE findings of the Rochette Commission have now been debated in the Chamber, which contented itself with passing a general resolution of censure on the statesmen involved. The Cabinet has transferred M. Fabre (the Public Prosecutor who yielded to pressure) to another post, and sent the judge, M. Bidault de l'Isle, before the disciplinary council of his order. There is some criticism

in the press, as there was in the Chamber, because no measures have been taken against MM. Monis and Caillaux, who induced these magistrates to postpone Rochette's trial, but these Ministers had already resigned their offices. The whole affair was grossly exaggerated in the press. The storm has apparently so far exhausted itself that M. Caillaux has already returned to the political world which he had quitted "for ever," and will, "by request," stand as a candidate in the general election for his old constituency.

It is traditional that the heir in the Hohenzollern family should cultivate the belief that his little finger is thicker than his father's loins. The present Crown Prince has made himself the recognized leader of the heavy-booted, sabre-rattling Prussian party of ascendancy by playing a part in a series of political scandals. He has now made it clear that while he courts publicity, he will stand no criticism. There have now been three convictions for "Kronprinzenbeleidigung" within a month. The latest case was that of two journalists who have been sent for six months to a fortress-prison, for an amusing parody of the speech in which the Prince said farewell to the garrison at Danzig. It was entitled "A letter from an aristocratic sentimental schoolgirl" (Backfisch), who described her feelings on leaving her boarding-school in phrases borrowed from the speech. If the prosecution was intended to prove that this young man is really grown-up, in spite of appearances, it did him a grave disservice.

THE "Times" celebrates in a leading article the tenth anniversary of Lord Lansdowne's signature to the Anglo-French Agreement, in itself a growth from the personal *rapprochement* which King Edward won with the offer of a cigar to M. Delcassé. So far as the *entente* has fulfilled its author's description as an inclusive rather than an exclusive instrument, it has been a success. It has cleared the decks of Anglo-French difficulties in Egypt, Morocco, Newfoundland, Nigeria, Madagascar, though not in the Gambia or in the New Hebrides. France has proved a hard and clever bargainer, and Britain an easy and accommodating one. But so far as the *entente* has dragged us, with tied hands, into the great European quarrel, it has been an unmitigated curse. Its fruits are the estrangement of Germany, our best and most natural friend in Europe, the appalling increase of armaments, and a bad, morally shameful, and entirely profitless combination with Russia. Nearly every good cause—democracy, peace, Liberalism, liberty—in Europe and in Asia has suffered by it.

THE revolt of the Phil-Hellenic party among the Epirotes against Albania is about to create a civil war. Attempts at direct negotiation between Major Thomson, the Dutch gendarmerie officer, and M. Zographos, the Greek ex-official who leads the insurgents, have broken down. Prince William, it is said, favored compromise, but Essad Pasha vetoed any reasonable arrangement on a basis of local self-government. Meanwhile, the growing divergence of views between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance has put the Concert out of action. There have been rumors of forcible Austro-Italian intervention; but the fact seems to be that the Powers of the Triple Alliance are now anxious to conciliate Greece, and will therefore take no action. Albania has accordingly decided to meet the rebels with her own resources. A general mobilization has been ordered, and 15,000 men are expected to muster. Prince William, who was spoken of as their commander, has

now decided not to take the field, and, indeed, he seems to be a nullity, with no instinct for leadership. The Epirotes are said to be well-armed, and most, or many, of them are volunteers from the Greek Army, which still occupies the disputed territory. A party of these volunteers attempted last week to take the town of Coritza, but the balance of evidence goes to show that the Albanian gendarmerie, under its Dutch officers, drove it back.

THE Board of Trade returns for March suggest that the trade depression is a shallower indentation than most of its predecessors. Imports show an increase of £5,592,784, and exports an increase of £2,828,714 compared with the returns for March, 1913. The import of raw cotton is still rising rapidly, and there is a general advance of nearly £2,500,000 in raw materials and articles mostly unmanufactured, and of £1,300,000 odd in articles wholly or mainly manufactured. These increases are not quite so good as they look, for we must allow something for the loss on two Easter holidays in the March returns of last year. On the other hand, we must put something on for the fall in prices. Thus far the great feature of the trade year has been the advance in the exports of British manufactures, with cotton leading the way. The lean years for which every good tariff reformer is bound to pray seem still to tarry.

BECAUSE they are the least military and the most law-abiding people in the world, the Chinese are subject periodically to outbreaks of violence which seem to contradict everything in their civilization. It is built for tranquillity, and when the unexpected shock comes, it cannot adapt itself. For six months a bandit captain called White Wolf has marched almost unresisted from city to city, sacking and plundering as he goes, levying tribute on officials, and slaughtering men, women, and children, in the sheer lust of blood. Letters describe the fall of cities with a population of 100,000, and the slaughter during the pillage of over a thousand persons. At least twelve of these larger cities have been sacked in his march, and he is now making for Sianfu, a great city, second only to Peking in its historical prestige. White Wolf's band or army is not a large one, and consists partly of youths and partly of deserters from the regular forces vainly sent against it. As yet its object seems to be mere plunder, and one hears of no political motive, though the fact that it does not slaughter Christians suggests some vague idea behind its violence.

It was a happy thought to establish a hostel for young women as a memorial to Mr. Stead. The house chosen—at a corner of St. George's Road, Pimlico, almost in sight of the river—has been well arranged, and the charges, low as they are, are calculated to cover expenses. Four shillings a week will rent a cubicle or half of a double-bedded room. Food is paid for according to a tariff, and fivepence will purchase a meal consisting of meat, a vegetable, and pudding. On a weekly income of fifteen shillings, a girl, after paying for clean and pretty housing and wholesome food, will be left with three shillings or so for other expenses. Moreover, the directors of the hostel, perceiving that the surplus can hardly allow for laundry, have provided conveniences for the washing of clothes by their tenants. The only unsatisfactory point is that the Stead Hostel cannot accommodate two hundred and seventy instead of twenty-seven. Next to the agricultural laborer, the self-supporting working woman is perhaps the worst and most expensively housed person in the community.

Politics and Affairs.

BUILDING A BRIDGE.

We said last week that the parties were not so far apart, and it seems to us that, in spite of some estranging incidents, the debates on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill bring them a little nearer still. We must discriminate. There are some personalities and some views and conditions of party politics which do not and cannot make for peace. Let us enumerate a few of them. If the Opposition still count on the Army as an instrument for the defeat of a Home Rule Act, and mean to use it as such, the thoughts and the language of compromise are out of place. Democracy is attacked in its ancient citadel, and there is nothing for it but an instant appeal to the people to confirm or to destroy the supremacy of Parliament in respect to its freedom to enact laws without dictation or suggestion by the military power. This is elementary; if Mr. Balfour harps in his *dilettante* fashion on this theme, and grosser spirits urge it to an issue, the country must decide it, and the ensuing convulsion of temper, the complete disorganization of average citizenship, must rest on the heads of those who force the British nation to consider afresh the moral foundations of their State and of its liberties. We must put out of court yet another exhibition of the party spirit, and that is Mr. Law's invitation to the country to plunge into an Election or a Referendum on the Home Rule Bill. As to a Referendum, if there is one way of applying it which is more impossible than another, it is as an emergency exit from a political difficulty. The Referendum is, in effect, a mode of government; we have our own mode, and it is built on an opposite plan. As Professor Pollard rightly says, the step from one system to the other is nothing less than a change from representative to plebiscitary rule, and only a madman, or a partisan in a quandary, would propose it as a solvent of the passions and perplexities of an hour. The objection to the second Conservative proposal—an immediate General Election on the Bill—is not one of principle but of common-sense and of candor. No politician who desires peace and ensues it would ask his rivals to pass under an open humiliation. If the Opposition wants the Government to surrender the Parliament Act and treat the Home Rule Bill as *non avenue*, there is a way to that end. It must beat the Government on the floor of the House of Commons. It is no use for Mr. Law to say to Mr. Asquith: "Terms first; battle afterwards." And it is equally futile to tell him that if the Government emerges victorious from the fight, Lord Lansdowne will kindly consider whether he can persuade the House of Lords to pass its Bill for it. It would be discourteous for Mr. Asquith to retort that he knows his Lansdowne. It would be quite pertinent for him to say that he knows his House of Lords.

It is when we approach the representative of Ulster that we get as far away from the party atmosphere of management as the artificiality of our political life allows. Sir Edward Carson is in some measure detached from party; at least he puts Ulster before it. And it is almost though not quite certain that if he makes a bargain he can deliver the goods. Pacificators

must therefore keep their eye on Sir Edward Carson, and regard him as essentially the man with whom they have to deal. There were two promising features of his speech on Monday night. The first was his expressed willingness to regard as an open question the inclusion of Ulster in the unit which would be Ireland's contribution to a federal system. The second was his half-tender to Mr. Redmond of a willing union of Ulster with Ireland provided Irish Nationalism could make good its claim to construct a fair balance of political power. This seems to us not only to imply a great moral advance, but almost to concede the passage of a Home Rule Bill. We have no doubt that if the two leaders could sit close-tiled in conference—shut out from the murmur of the party swell without—they would arrive at a settlement. But as this is impossible, it is important to discover what formula of peace they can devise to which their followers can be brought to subscribe.

It is, we think, unfortunate that Mr. Redmond, speaking earlier than Sir Edward Carson, described the Government's tender of the six years of grace as "dead." On the contrary, it seems to us to be very much alive, for the reason that it avoids the alternative issues of absolute exclusion and immediate inclusion, both of which are barred. The need of the moment is a political arrangement. The permanent separation of Ulster from Ireland is unthinkable. Ulster will not sit down in peace under Dublin Castle one hour after she realizes that the Anglo-Irish system under which she slept for generations is gone for ever. But it is not desirable either now or ever to force her into union; nor do the Government propose it. They, with Sir Edward, do believe that consent alone can bring about "contented unity." We imagine that Mr. Birrell reflected this view when he gave a general assent to his rather wider proposition to "leave Ulster out until you have won her consent to come in." That consent can probably be attached to a federal settlement, whose object would be to proclaim and secure a general equality of representative power for the four national units in these islands. The question, therefore, is—How to provide a loose temporary annexe to the solid building of an Irish State which the Home Rule Bill supplies? Leave Ulster out definitely, and you deform the main structure. Put her in at once, and you might as well leave the Suffragettes alone for a night and a day in Westminster Palace. Why not, therefore, expand and loosen the formula whose business it is to carry us over a period of suspense and re-construction? Ulster is not to come in for six years. But at the end of those six years, if the Irish Parliament does badly or the anti-National movement in Ulster runs with its old strength, no violence would be done to the design of the exclusion clause if the Government yielded a further power of appeal to the Imperial Parliament. For, in any case, Parliament will act according to its wisdom and its judgment of the Irish situation of 1920 or 1921. What valid objection lies to giving it a formal direction to this effect? Then, as now, the solvent of the situation will be the statesmanship of Mr. Redmond or Mr. Redmond's successor. We have confidence in that quality; Ulster

has not. There is reason in the plea that her dominant thought to-morrow will be far from the fierce repulsion of to-day, and that on this calculation the Government can safely build. Mr. Redmond's true line is—"Trust Ulster," just as Ulster's true line is—"Trust Ireland."

THE PATH TO FEDERALISM.

THE Government's proposal of an exclusion of Ulster counties can, of course, furnish no permanent basis for a settlement. It is natural, therefore, that the thoughts of peacemakers in both parties should once more turn to canvass the possibility of a federal solution. The acceptance by Mr. Bonar Law of Sir Edward Grey's suggestion of a renewal of conversations would seem to favor such consideration. Two years ago federalism was earnestly advocated by a section of the Unionist Press, and formed the staple of discussion in the Joint Conference. Since that time nothing has occurred to weaken the claims of the federal idea, while much has occurred to show the impracticability of other solutions. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that, as the time for decisive action approaches, there is a growing disposition to make another trial of the federal path. The entrance to that path, it is true, seems beset by thorns. As Sir John Simon made clear on Monday, the Government cannot, and will not, contemplate the withdrawal of the Home Rule Bill pending the preparation of a federal scheme, nor can they view with favor any federal proposal which would permanently sever Ulster from the rest of Ireland. Now, to some Unionists we know these conditions constitute an absolute barrier. The federal proposal is for them simply a plan either for postponing the Home Rule Bill, or for securing the permanent severance of Ulster. But there are many Unionists who might be willing to accept the present Home Rule Bill, with the temporary exclusion, provided it was definitely understood to constitute either an interim policy or an instalment of the wider scheme of federal devolution. If peace is possible along this path, it is to these moderate statesmen that Liberal federationists must look.

If during the next few years a general acceptance of the principle and policy of federation for the constituent parts of Great Britain can be attained, the difference between a six years' exclusion and a permanent exclusion, for which many rash persons appear willing to plunge the country into civil war, would become a matter of indifference. For if the federal principle were ripe for application, it is evident that Sir Edward Carson and his followers would not actually press for a solution which would permanently preclude the unity of Ireland. The conditions laid down, in careful language, in his Manchester speech of last December, make this evident. "I lay down, first, that no settlement must humiliate or degrade us. I lay down, secondly, that we must not get any treatment different from and exceptional from the treatment offered to any other part of the United Kingdom." These terms constitute nothing else than an express invitation to a federal solution, and were accepted as such two days after in Mr. Asquith's speech in the same city.

The sole qualifications in the Prime Minister's acceptance were, the priority in time of Home Rule for

Ireland, and the demand for some elasticity in the application of the federal principle to meet the peculiar conditions of the different parts of the United Kingdom. If Mr. Asquith carries with him in this matter, as we believe he does, the majority of Liberals in Parliament and in the country, and if at least a large minority of Unionists would accept the condition laid down by Sir Edward Carson, it is worth while at the present time once more to essay this path of peace. There are no doubt great difficulties, both tactical and substantial, which preclude excessive confidence in such a settlement. If the Opposition is invited to accept the Home Rule Bill as a temporary instalment of federalism, they must have grounds for a conviction that within the next few years, whichever party is in office, the federal policy should be pressed to consummation. Since no Ministry can bind the action of future Parliaments, nothing but a clear acceptance by Front Bench statesmen of both parties could establish a sufficient basis of faith for such a settlement. Now a mere desire to avoid trouble with Ulster is not likely by itself to bring the Unionist Party to consent to an arrangement which, however safeguarded, must carry elements of doubt and speculation. If they are to be induced to pass a Home Rule Bill as a preliminary to federalism, it will only be because they desire federalism on its own account. And more thoughtful Conservatives do desire it, partly because they recognize as good Parliamentarians the absolute necessity of devolving legislation affecting particular sections of the country upon Parliaments which represent these sections, partly because they think federalism within Great Britain would form a basis for the wider Imperial federalism which they favor. Finally, many English Conservatives would support federalism because they believe that under it they would have a secure predominance in English politics. This last consideration, we fear, weighs heavily with some English Liberals against the acceptance of the federal solution. Their apprehension is, we think, ill-founded. We do not believe that Home Rule for England would mean the permanent establishment of Tory rule. The education of the English democracy, stimulated by the new conditions, would, we think, produce quite different results. But even were these hopes not speedily fulfilled, sound Liberals should acquiesce in the determination of specifically English policy by the will of the majority of the English electorate, even though that majority may be Conservative.

There are, however, those who insist that the Home Rule Bill is not a possible instalment of sound federalism. The "Morning Post" even contends that it is anti-federal. But this criticism is based on two wrong assumptions. First, there is the assumption that a delegation of specific limited powers by a central government, which even retains the present power to recall them, is not federalism. But this is mere pedantry. The essence of a federal union does not consist in the location of "sovereignty," but in the practical distribution of legislative and executive functions between the central and the local Parliaments. In practice there are many forms and degrees of federalism, and provided that proper and adequate delegation is made to the several constituent

parts of Great Britain, the formal, or in certain cases the real, reservation of final jurisdiction to the Imperial Government does not affect the substantial validity of the federal solution. The other assumption is that a federal scheme for Great Britain must give identical powers and identical constitutions to the different States. The present Home Rule Bill is, it is argued, quite unsuitable as a model to be applied to England, Scotland, and Wales. Now, so far as State institutions are concerned, there is, as Mr. Redmond pointed out the other night, no substance in the objection. In the United States, in Canada and elsewhere, wide differences in provincial constitutions are found quite consistent with federal union.

It is clear, as Mr. Asquith expressed it, that no cast-iron standardized system of federalism is applicable to every case. Even if it be admitted, as is by no means essential, that the powers delegated to the different States should be identical, no insuperable difficulty is raised by passing Home Rule for Ireland in its present shape. For it is certain that the wider scheme must enlarge rather than curtail the powers conferred on Ireland under this Bill. A federal solution must, for example, confer some more real measure of financial self-control upon the provincial Parliaments, and possibly a larger control over industrial conditions—a very parlous change—than is contained in the present Bill. A federal measure would thus operate, so far as Ireland was concerned, as an amendment of the present Home Rule measure in the direction of enlarging the powers of self-government for Ireland. There is, of course, the valid objection against any immediate adoption of a federal scheme based upon the fact that for England, at any rate, there has issued no demand for her own Home Rule. But nobody proposes that this Parliament should commit the country to any federal policy. England has at present no desire for self-government in her own affairs. But she has no aversion. She has simply not given serious consideration to a proposal which has hitherto lain outside the range of immediately practical politics. Now she will consider it, and when the Home Rule Bill is brought into operation, she will have an ever-present cause for reflection in the presence of forty-two Irishmen empowered to exercise a voice, perhaps a determining one, in English politics when English members have no longer a voice in purely Irish affairs. In other words, we are absolutely and irrevocably committed to a political change which will be fraught with grave practical anomalies and inconveniences until it is expanded into the more consistent and comprehensive shape of federal government for the United Kingdom. We freely admit the magnitude of the difficulties that beset this path. We must face a diminution of the universal and peculiar prestige of the House of Commons, and of the supreme judicial authority of Parliament. We must have a documentary Constitution and a supreme Federal Court to interpret it—that is to say, we must make up our minds to exchange a more elastic for a less elastic form of government. These are vast changes of balance and structure, and they call for the closest consideration. We must, above all, cut our way through a terrible financial tangle, complicated by grave issues of taxation. We must

be prepared, in fact, for a complete re-moulding, not only of political institutions, but of political forces, which, indeed, the present party system could hardly survive. But if the Opposition is prepared to enter a discussion, and to try and find a solid basis of federal agreement, and not merely to throw new delays and distractions into the Irish issue, we should support an endeavor to combine a peaceful settlement of the Ulster question with a wider constitutional reform.

AN ALBANIAN ULSTER.

WHAT is it that constitutes the essence of an Ulster problem? The curious perplexity with which we have grown familiar is clearly nothing peculiar to these islands. It recurs fatally in certain conditions, and chance has given us two contemporary cases. Assume some lack of foresight among legislators, a violent distaste for compromise in the population affected, and if not a tradition of racial ascendancy at least a sense of superiority in culture, and you have all the essential elements of an Ulster problem. When the Conference of London gave independence to Albania, it forgot the irreconcilable temper of the Epirotes, and it differs from our own Parliament, chiefly in this, that it assumes no responsibility for straightening out the situation which has resulted. If there is to be arrangement, local statesmen must supply the wisdom; if there is to be coercion, local forces must supply the pressure. In one particular, it is true, the Phil-Hellenic population of Epirus does not resemble the men of Ulster. It has never been a "garrison," and has never enjoyed the sweets of ascendancy. But the spring of its rebellion is a sentiment which commonly goes with ascendancy. This Christian population, Greek by culture and religion, has always felt a deep conviction of its own superiority to the Moslem Albanians among whom it lives. It is, indeed, as purely Albanian as they are by race, and in the home Albanian is the mother-tongue of these Greek bands and "sacred legions," which are ready to die rather than form part of the Albanian State. But for several generations Greek schools have influenced them: from time immemorial the Greek Church has disciplined them. They are proud of their acquired culture. They drink in with Greek letters and the Greek language all the historical pride of the Hellenic race in its own past. They become in sentiment the descendants of the Periclean age, and they learn to think with an overweening contempt of the non-Hellenized Albanians, who are in fact their own brothers by blood. They are, moreover, the traders of Southern Albania, its relatively wealthy urban *bourgeoisie*, and this pre-eminence gives to the townsmen of Coritza and Arghyrocastro, when they think of the clansmen of the North, a consciousness of virtue and character that one could match only in Belfast. It is town against country, civilization against a primitive feudalism, Orthodoxy against Islam; and the conflict is all the sharper because the two parties are not in fact racially distinct. The Christian Albanians of Epirus may not be Greeks; that was an error for which Nature is to blame. They mean to be Greeks, and they deeply resent a reminder that their blood is "barbarian." They are, for that matter, as Greek as many

a village and island which has made Greek history. In the War of Independence the warriors of Suli and the sailors of Hydra were Albanians by race. Greece appropriated their heroism, and they were only too proud to connive at the theft.

If this be the real state of affairs, the reader will ask, with what conscience could we, or any men of Liberal mind, defend the inclusion of these districts in Epirus? It is not very easy to say what the real test of nationality ought to be in such questions. The Epirotes are Albanians in a sense in which the Protestants of Ulster are not Irishmen. Race, however, is a meaningless term in politics. Language means more, but even language means little when it is not the basis of a developed culture. If the Epirotes desire to be Greeks, the fact that Albanian is their home-language ought not to prevail against their own will. We encounter here a question of fact which no one can answer. How far is this Orthodox population spontaneously and freely pro-Greek in sentiment? Our own knowledge of the district dates from a few years before the Young Turk revolution. At that time the elder generation of the Christian population was certainly Greek in sentiment. But it maintained its position by a heavy-handed ecclesiastical discipline. The Greek bishops were hand in glove with the Turkish governors, and both conspired to persecute the pioneers who were attempting to conduct Albanian vernacular schools and churches. The young nationalist movement was crushed between the Greek clergy and the Turkish police, and made its way against prison in this world, and damnation in the next. It did none the less make its way. In the early months of liberty which followed the Turkish revolution, it was in the ascendant. It swept aside the barriers between Moslems and Christians, and made a new and singularly sympathetic movement, tolerant, secular, and democratic in spirit. The ground won then was lost during the Greek military occupation. Albanian was once more a proscribed language, and we do not doubt that a large percentage of those "notables" who have signed pro-Greek declarations, did so under pressure or fear. How large that percentage was, we cannot pretend to guess. Unluckily for the Greek contention, even if it should turn out to be the case that the Albanian party among the Epirote Christians is a small minority, composed chiefly of young "intellectuals" who are not typical, the fact remains that the majority of the population is not Christian at all, but Moslem. Their adhesion to Islam, it is true, was often recent in date and nominal in spirit. They have remained Europeans at heart, and most of them belong to the Bektashi sect, whose esoteric doctrine is so heretical that it can hardly be called Moslem at all. But it is not Christian, nor Greek, nor Orthodox. It is here that the parallel with Ulster breaks down. The pro-Greek party is numerous, determined, and possessed of the more advanced civilization; but it is not a compact majority. Coritza town, for example, is three-parts Christian. But the big district of which it is the centre and market is three-parts Moslem. Northern Epirus, in short, is comparable not with the four north-eastern counties of Ulster, but with Fermanagh or Tyrone.

The concert has taken its decision, and on the whole it decided well. Albania could not thrive without this relatively advanced and wealthy district. Its inclusion certainly offends the wishes of a powerful minority, but the other solution, its annexation to Greece, would have injured no less deeply the interests of the Moslem majority. In the long run it is arguable that a native Albanian culture, when it is evolved, will bring more benefit even to the Christian Epirotes than an exotic Greek culture conveyed through a foreign tongue. If Albania can advance rapidly, she may overcome the natural attraction which Hellenism exerts over the less advanced non-Greek races within the Orthodox fold. There was a time when even the Balkan Slavs were reckoned as "Greeks," but no one to-day would regret that they emancipated themselves. Greece has done relatively better than any of her allies in the division of the spoils of war, and every argument which she might use to back her claim to Northern Epirus, would destroy her title to large districts of Macedonia. If she appeals to the will of the people, let her first surrender such purely Slavonic regions as Florina and Kilkish.

M. Venizelos is right, and the Greek Chauvinists are wrong over this question. The decision of Europe is entitled to respect, and ought to be enforced. We regret, none the less, the failure of the Albanian Government to reach a compromise with the Epirotes. If a guarantee of full liberty for Greek schools, churches, and communal associations would have secured their loyalty, the price ought to have been gladly paid. It is said that Prince William and his Dutch officers have been overruled by some of the more disastrous native influences, and if that is so, the future is none too bright. Prince William is evidently a neutral and uninspiring personality, and he holds a position in which personality must count for nearly everything. If the reins of power fall to Essad Pasha, we are afraid that the new Albanian State will be both violent and corrupt. The prospect of a civil war in which Albanian clansmen will be hurled upon Greek volunteers makes the worst possible beginning for a new nation. The conflict, if it once begins, will be savage, and its issue morally disastrous, whoever wins.

As little do we like the only alternative which seems open—the intervention of an Austro-Italian force. That would mean, in the long run, the sapping and destruction of Albanian independence. Coercion ought not to be necessary, but if it be necessary, the decision of Europe ought to be enforced by an army in which all the Powers are represented. This crisis has reached its present phase of menace and bloodshed, mainly because the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance have failed to act together, and the Concert in consequence has been dilatory and inert. Even at the eleventh hour one hopes for some intervention of statesmanship which may avert a devastating struggle. But the Concert will not be obeyed unless it is prepared to act, and to act as it did against Montenegro, in unison. A European force would not be opposed. Its flags could achieve without bloodshed what Prince William's arms may fail to secure after a cruel and ruinous conflict.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TOWN.

THE second Report of the Land Inquiry Committee, which was reviewed in our columns last week, is the most important survey of the problem of town-life that has appeared for a very long time. It is only comparatively recently that the nature of modern town civilization—its demands, its dangers, its possibilities—has come to receive the full and careful study of thinkers and observers. The great and absorbing struggle against the Corn Laws long occupied a central place in the imagination and the memory of those who were concerned for the fate of the poor, and for generations the desirability of cheap food seemed to govern the thinking of Englishmen to the exclusion of most other aspects of modern life. This was one penalty that the nation paid for the flagrant abuse of political power that had imposed this brutal sacrifice on the English poor after the great war. When the burden at last was thrown off, there was a tendency in the hour of relief to overlook the other causes depressing the vitality and health of the working classes. Gradually, one after another, the main obstacles to the good life have been attacked. Food was made cheap, then education, the old oppression of trade unions was removed, the atrocities of the factory system were suppressed, and still there remains the general condition of the English town, of which it can only be said that it would reflect great disgrace on a much earlier stage of development than the stage we have reached. We have tried with more or less success to humanize the conditions of employment; we have now to humanize the conditions of life. We began to repair the ravages of industrial civilization on one side with the first agitations for factory reform. We have now to throw the same passion and zeal into reforming the abuses of industrial civilization as it affects the homes and health and outlook of modern society.

The authors of the Report have seen the problem in this large and comprehensive way. If our towns are to be civilized, it is not merely a question of improving local administration here, of applying pressure from the centre there, of throwing grants and subsidies somewhere else. The state of our towns is the result of a number of forces, and the statesmanlike method of setting about improving them is to study and keep in mind all the conditions, and not to deal with one evil in such a way as to aggravate many others. Why are our towns ugly, overcrowded, insanitary? The answer is not one, but many. Among the reasons must be counted the blackmail of the landlord, the waste of public expenditure under a system that drains the results into private pockets, the incompetence of local authorities faced with great difficulties, the impossibility under existing conditions of housing a large section of the population except at a loss to somebody, the cramping and sterilising effects of bad laws and bad traditions, the degraded standard by which we have been content to organize our town life. It has been the definite interest of a number of persons to make our towns bad and ugly, to blot out the color and the open spaces, to crowd families in stifling tenements. On the other side, there has been no well-organized power of resistance and control. The results of such an unequal struggle were a foregone conclusion.

If we want to reconstruct our town life on civilized principles, we have to build up an adequate control, and to remove all the encumbrances that hamper it. It was the old idea that great discomfort and what we may call the slum atmosphere and captivity were the inevitable lot of the poor, and that all that could be done was to alleviate this condition so far as possible by religion and the gracious attentions of the fortunate. The modern idea is that there is a certain standard of housing and street building that the State should impose, and the modern reformer, instead of resigning himself to grossly inhuman conditions, examines their causes with a view to eliminating them.

The Land Inquiry Committee thus give no single answer to the problem, and at the same time there is no answer that they reject on the mere ground that it is difficult and ambitious. They argue that public responsibility must be made more real and active. Local authorities must prepare a survey and plans for dealing with the situation that the survey discloses. These must be checked by a central authority, which will have the power of the purse, for grants to local authorities will be made conditional on their satisfying a national standard. Local authorities are to take a much more vigorous part in initiating and controlling the expansion of the town, in protecting open spaces, in securing that streets shall be so built as to give the maximum of air and light. But if more is to be expected from local authorities, their path is to be simplified in many ways. The acquisition of land is to be made cheaper; legal expenses are to be reduced, the landowner is no longer to receive a fancy price just because the town is beginning to choke, and the standing difficulty of the rates is to be relieved by two simultaneous measures. In the first place, the proportion in which the charge for local services falls upon the taxpayer and the ratepayer are to be revised in the latter's favor; in the second place, a new source of revenue is to be made available by a rate on ground values. The Prime Minister, so long ago as 1898, described the policy of rating ground values in one of his clear and incisive sentences as "the policy of opening out a new and hitherto untried source of taxation, and a form of taxation which no one could assert to be inequitable, because it simply imposed the burden upon those on whom the benefit would ultimately rest." But when all the existing difficulties in the way of private and public building are cleared from the path—and the Committee look to private enterprise as the chief builder in the future—there remains a difficulty that is not directly related to building, or the price of land, or the administration of the laws. The Committee find that the largest section of the class that now occupies insanitary dwellings consists of households which are chiefly maintained by a regular but low-paid male wage-earner. This is a most important fact, and it will come as a surprise to many. Only last week, for example, the "Times" maintained the contrary view that it was the casual workers and the unemployable who made up the population of insanitary houses. Thus the Committee are brought to the conclusion to which their study of the agrarian problem also brought

them, that it is not enough to cheapen the building of houses, and that the problem cannot be solved until wage-earners are paid sufficient wages to enable them to occupy decent houses. Twenty or even ten years ago this remedy would have seemed fantastic to nine people out of ten, but the experience of the last few years has educated the public mind with great rapidity, and the idea of a minimum wage has lost its terrors. This recommendation is, however, in some respects the boldest and the most far-reaching of the Committee's conclusions; it is an essential part of the whole policy, and it makes that policy full of hope and promise for the poor of the towns and the life of the nation.

A London Diary.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech, hard-tempered, purely negative, and delivered with an air of chill detachment from the dangers and difficulties of the hour, has slightly checked, but by no means stopped, the Back Bench movement of conciliation. Its final effect will, I think, be nothing. The Conservative Federalists are quite determined to go on, and they claim nearly one hundred sympathisers in their own ranks alone. They have a definite political conception, largely based on their belief that while Imperial politics must necessarily be Conservative, a great advance might be made in social amelioration (factory, law, housing, education), by the medium of local assemblies, freed from an extreme party bias. On these matters there is a real neo-Tory opinion. It is governed by men who are in earnest, who have some disinterested zeal and care for public affairs, and are bored by crude partisanship. Moreover, they feel that Ulster has got out of hand, and (though this is *sotto voce*) they find Sir Edward Carson's airs a bit of a nuisance. Their attitude and the explosion at the Curragh have also damped down the mad schemes for destroying the Army Bill, and bringing the Parliamentary Session to an end (this was also contemplated) by physical violence and outrage. The Home Rule debates have been serious and orderly, and, at intervals, friendly in tone, and steadily, with inevitable shocks and backward turns, the House approaches a settlement.

POLITICS now indeed depend a good deal on the shifting personal value of the Front Opposition Bench. Until lately there were five Unionist leaders in the Commons—Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Long, and Mr. Balfour, to name the different stars of the constellation in the order of their apparent relative degrees of importance. But within the last few weeks Mr. Chamberlain (probably owing to his inter-party difficulties at Birmingham) seems to have dropped out, and with him Mr. Long; Mr. Law has perceptibly fallen behind Sir Edward Carson in the esteem of that particular section of Unionism on whom both have to rely for their somewhat precarious support; and, to the surprise of most and the concern of not a few, Mr. Balfour is seen to be virtually back in his old place.

I think, however, it is clear that the general body of the Opposition have no relish for this development. If a change in the leadership were to take place in the present temper of the party, it would be in favor of a statesman, if one could be found on the Tory benches, who had kept out of the army imbroglio, in which, unfortunately, Mr. Balfour is now as deeply involved as Mr. Law.

On the general tendency of the debate, a Radical member writes me in substantial agreement with this view. It is, he thinks,

"more favorable to the hopes of pacific settlement than might be supposed from the speeches, some of which read by themselves, without the proper color and emphasis, seem uncompromising. Redmond's intention was to be conciliatory, but the latter part of his speech, in which he suggested that, if all advances and concessions failed, there was nothing for it but to go straight ahead with the Bill, became aggressive because of the cheering. The same is true of Carson. Leaders play up to their extremists, and it requires rather a sharp eye to detect and detach the stray phrases which really imply a desire for settlement, but which are wrapped up in the rhetoric of the hour. This is even true of Bonar Law, who had to produce familiar party stuff, but was obviously not uncompromisingly hostile."

"THE real wreckers," continues my correspondent, "are A. J. B. and Walter Long. A. J. B. is determined to smash any attempt at conciliation. His disapproval of every speech that went in that direction was obvious, and he cheered up with an appearance of the keenest pleasure when Healy, his favorite Irish speaker, smashed along attacking everybody right and left. He is regarded by both sides as a wrecker. Meanwhile, it is all to the good that there will be a long interval before Home Rule comes on again, and in that interval there are strong hopes of a settlement. The extremists on both sides—those who want to ram the Bill through at any cost, and those who want to smash the Bill and the Government at any cost—in spite of the noise they make, are gradually entering into a minority. It is becoming more and more clear (indeed, both sides acknowledge it) that the extreme Ulster opposition is against the principle of Home Rule, against the Parliament Act, and against the Government. As soon, therefore, as Ulster realizes that Home Rule is inevitable, that the Parliament Act must work, and that the Government is going to stay, the pressure for exclusion will cease."

I HEAR that a good deal of money—probably eight or nine millions—will have to be raised under the Budget. A large portion of this is to be devoted to various social reforms—I hope to education. The academic economists object, and there is a very general feeling that the tax on sugar should be removed. Of course, it is true that the more money a Government raises the more they will spend on armaments; but the hope is that the Chancellor will contrive to ear-mark a definite sum for social reform, so as to keep it out of the Admiralty's clutches.

THE Hyde Park demonstration was in its fashion a "record." It was, I suppose, the richest gathering of

protesters that ever met in the park. It was not the prettiest—in that respect the Suffragists easily beat it—nor by a long way the largest, for thereagain I am assured that its predecessor, the South African demonstration, much excelled. But it had the most color, and was the most organized. The drags were many and well-appointed, and the marshals and stewards seemed to be everywhere. Indeed, some of the contingents, which were very small, especially those from the East End, seemed to be all stewards, as the United States officers of a certain period were all colonels. Union Jacks were everywhere, and flag-waving was a more popular and general pastime than listening to speeches.

THIS was not surprising, for the speaking was moderate, and few of the orators struck the Hyde-Park note with assurance or success. Sir Edward Carson was an exception, Mr. Balfour was not; while Lord Charles Beresford, reading platitudes with his glasses on, did injustice to the tradition of the "Condor." The assembly in the park was a fine one, though I thought some of the better-to-do marchers a little out of condition, and therefore of enthusiasm. An unusual feature of these spectacles was the complete apathy of the streets. The London through which these gay, band-playing processions passed was the London of an average Saturday afternoon, *morne* and empty. The bulk of the gathering was highly respectable, and even, as I have said, affluent, and I should say that about a third was composed of women. But I noticed a pervading, though not obtrusive, atmosphere of Beer, or perhaps I should say of Wine-vaults.

I CONFESS that since Ulster threatened to stop playing football unless the Home Rule Bill was withdrawn, nothing in this astonishing movement has so much struck the popular imagination—or, at any rate, the imagination of the Parliamentary smoking-room—as Mr. Balfour's appearance, last Saturday, as a Hyde Park orator. Time is wreaking strange revenges on the Balfourian pose of other days. I retain a grateful recollection of an incident in the House about ten or twelve years ago when after perhaps the greatest of the vast open-air anti-Tory demonstrations of that period Mr. Balfour (then Prime Minister) was asked whether the Government proposed to take any action in view of what had taken place on the preceding Saturday in Hyde Park. Very gravely the Prime Minister rose, and, advancing to the table, leaned across it, and, with the air of childlike innocence under which he still masks his occasional deviations into "urbane effrontery," launched this entirely characteristic bolt—"And may I ask what *did* take place in Hyde Park on Saturday?"

No one has recalled Gladstone's famous description of Sir Edward Grey—I should be sorry to have to say how many years ago—which so exactly fits his absence on Monday evening—"A great Member of Parliament; but then, no one knows when he will not be going fishing."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DOUBLE NATURE.

"GIVE a dog a bad name, and hang him," is a two-edged proverb. A man is hardly ever in the least like his reputation. A myth forms round him. A badge is tied to his neck. People take a passing phase of his nature or a passing piece of chatter as a shorthand note to remember him by. It becomes his label, his ticket, his number in the catalogue, and finally his epitaph. Every hero is most familiar by his caricature, and more people recall Gladstone by his collars than his eyes. Against this myth and potherb label the victim struggles in vain. "Look at me!" he cries; "Consider my infinite soul, obscure, variable, full of unexhausted capacities! Can you cram infinite space into a nutshell, or sum the innumerable labors, longings, passions, beliefs, hopes, and terrors of fifty years into a silly line of print?" In her correspondence with Dr. Jowett, Florence Nightingale said she never met anyone who in the least resembled the current idea about him, and many a perfectly angelic dog, we may be sure, has been hanged without benefit of clergy.

That is an uncomfortable thought, but it is not the worst, and the proverb has a keener edge. Who can estimate the influence of a bad name upon the dog himself? Everyone tries to live up to his surroundings; but a bad name is a perpetually circumambient surrounding, dragging the spirit down. Certainly, there are a few lucky dogs, whose names are better than their nature, and we have known a timorous, shrinking, meditative person who, in mockery, was given the name of "Balaclava," and gradually became bold, aggressive, inflexible, a student of war, a Captain of Territorials. But such cases are rare as honesty, and the natural malignity of gossip takes good care that the pull of a false reputation shall always be downhill—shall always co-operate with the law of gravitation, till the final drop is reached and the noose tightens.

Take, for instance, one of the best-known nicknames in history. Take "John Bull." We believe it is just about two hundred years since some Queen Anne wit gave his countrymen the bad name which not only drags us all to the gallows but makes us worthy of our fate. Before that heavy insult was invented, how different was the English nature! Read the estimates of it, carefully indited by subtle strangers, such as the Venetian visitors to England in early Tudor times; or read Shakespeare's and Milton's and Cromwell's estimates of their own people. You will form a picture of a nation proud in arms, and proud in honor, lean and swift as greyhounds, a happy breed, excelling in arts, especially in the highest imaginative arts of speech, much occupied with invisible and spiritual things, rather careless of this gross and common world, easily wrought upon by that kind of "sentiment" which we lately found in Murray's Dictionary explained to mean "an emotional regard to ideal considerations as a principle of action or judgment."

Under the influence of a paltry nickname, how rapid has been the decline, how deplorable is now the difference! In "John Bull" we behold the proud and agile spirit of our race incarnated—yes, converted into flesh!—under the similitude of a paunchy, puffy obstacle to light, muddle-headed, stubbornly obtuse, blind to the invisible, deaf to emotion, as incapable of ecstasy as of wings. Kindly and well-meaning in disposition he remains, it is true—"stupidly good," as Milton tells us Satan remained at the first sight of Eve. He fingers his fob

for the relief of misery, but it is his own feelings that he relieves, lest some distant cry should disturb their comfort. Opaque, impenetrable to the X-rays of the spirit, encased in his own warm fat, "the Daniel Lambert of nations," he blunders heavily about in this puzzle of a world, wearing over his dew-lapped cheeks and triple chin the fatuous smile of embarrassed bewilderment. Talk to him of imagination, and he sniffs; tell him of beauty, and he drags out his watch; speak of a passion for "ideal considerations," and his belly shakes with indulgent laughter.

Under this inept and pitiable figure, our race has for eight generations been known to the world. To this fashion we have gradually come, and each generation approximates us to a false ideal imposed upon our nature by a literary buffoon. And the strange thing is that our people love to have it so, and pride themselves most upon the attributed qualities that are most grotesque. We boast our contempt for logic, our disregard of reason, our muddle-pated clinging to the rule of thumb, our freedom from uncluttered sentiment, our shrinking horror of passion, our scorn for all the arts that do not fructify into a solid sixpence. Above all, we pride ourselves on being a "virile" race whose talk is of bullocks rather than of beauty, and who would as soon express emotion as go naked down the street. "Not bad," said the boy in "Punch," admiring the Alpine scenery, as he stood with his companion on skis. "Oh, it's all right," replied the other, "but you needn't talk like a bally poet."

If reserve of emotion were all, no one would complain. But this lumbering ideal of our national character has a way of stifling the genuine soul of the people, living emotions and all. It chokes their spirit down under the encumbrances of external detail and insignificant realities. It promotes a positive terror of thought as well as of feeling. And then Mr. Edward Carpenter comes along—always so perturbing, so irritating and contradictory to the comfortable current of our well-regulated lives, from the distant years when he made us all jump with his discourse on "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure." He comes along, and in his latest book, "Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk," published by George Allen & Co., he tells us that not only the finest and most artistic, but the most gallant and "virile" races of the world have been distinguished for exactly those qualities of imagination, feeling, and passion which, under the influence of our tiresome caricature, we English most rigidly eschew.

He shows that the greatest warrior races, as well as the most intellectual and progressive peoples, have been largely endowed with what he calls intermediate types—persons of double nature, in whom the qualities that are usually distinguished as "masculine" and "feminine" are conjoined. He begins by proving that from early times, as still among primitive races, such people have been honored as prophets, priests (or priestesses), witches, and wizards, and inventors of the arts. He notices that not only Dionysus (the power of Divine enthusiasm), but Apollo (the Delphic god whom the stern Dorians specially worshipped) was endowed with something of the "everlasting feminine" in his representations; that both Herakles (the symbol of manly adventure) and Achilles (the embodiment of the heroic mind) spent part of their lives concealed among women, and even clothed in woman's dress. He recalls that significant myth which Plato naturally puts into the mouth of the Comedian: how, in early times, man and woman were united in one marvellous being, having four arms and four legs, upon which they progressed, by

spinning round, something like Catherine wheels, we must suppose; and in this shape they came to be so powerful that God, jealous for his supremacy, split them in half, as housewives split apples for preserve, and the halves have ever since been passionately pursuing each other in the hope of re-uniting.

It is a commonplace that genius is "bi-sexual." In his eulogy of Tennyson's "Rizpah" (especially of the line where the mother, collecting the bones under the gallows-tree, cries over them, "They have moved in my side") Swinburne proclaimed the truth. It had been observed by Goethe before him, and we are rather tired of hearing it now. But in a chapter of great subtlety, Mr. Carpenter analyzes the reasons of the power arising from this combination. He thinks that among primitive races the person who thus united the spiritual qualities of man and woman, could not find satisfaction in the recognized activities of either sex (hunting, agriculture, and so on), but would be driven to create a new sphere for himself. Finding his nature different from the people around him, he would be forced to think. Combining the "emotionality" of the feminine with the "practicality" of the male (for our part, we should rather reverse those attributes) he would probably become greatly superior in ability to the rest of his tribe; and, finally, Mr. Carpenter continues:—

"I believe that the blending of the masculine and feminine temperaments would, in some of these cases, produce persons whose perceptions would be so subtle and complex and rapid as to come under the head of genius, persons of intuitive mind who would perceive things without knowing how, and follow far concatenations of causes and events, without concerning themselves about the *why*—diviners and prophets in a very real sense."

Without these "intermediate types" of men and women, the author thinks it quite conceivable that human society might have remained stationary in the simple occupations of war, hunting, agriculture, and housework. To their existence he traces the great superstructure of human endeavor, arts, and spiritual interests. If the ideal "John Bull"—the untrue but influential and degrading ideal of our country—replies that he cares nothing for arts and spiritual interests; if he says he is quite indifferent to genius, and cordially abhors the smallest trace of "emotionality" or any other feminine attribute in any of his sons, we can follow Mr. Carpenter in directing his bewildered mind to the example of the Dorians, the most "virile" of all Greeks, among whom music, dancing, and other feminine "accomplishments" were an essential part of the warrior's education. In that peculiarly heroic race the tendency to "intermediate types," instead of producing effeminacy, worked strongly in the opposite direction. "It bred," we read, "ideals of heroism, courage, resource, and endurance among the men, and exalted these virtues to the highest place of public honor." The well-known stories of Spartan women show that it inspired similar virtues in women as well.

Let "John Bull," again, puzzle over the problem of the Samurai, the celebrated warrior caste of Japan, the knights of "Bushido" or chivalrous honor. As the historian of "Bushido" tells us:—

"In the principality of Satsuma, noted for its martial spirit and education, the custom prevailed for young men to practise music; not the blast of trumpets, or the beat of drums, but sad and tender melodies on the *biwa*, soothing our fiery spirits, and drawing our thoughts away from scent of blood and scenes of carnage."

Writing of the same subject, Mr. Carpenter quotes from Mr. Lowes Dickinson:—

"Northerners, and Anglo-Saxons in particular, have always at the back of their minds a notion that there

is something effeminate about the sense for beauty . . . but history gives the lie to this complacent theory. No nations were ever more virile than the Greeks or Italians; they have left a mark on the world which will endure when Anglo-Saxon civilization is forgotten. And none have been, or are, more virile than the Japanese. That they have also the delicacy of women does not alter the fact."

But why go to Orientals or the tombs of classic ghosts? To our own people belonged the Knight who, from the time when first he rode, loved chivalry, truth and honor, freedom and courtesy. Far through Christendom and heathen lands had he been, and shared the victory of Alexandria. He had journeyed in Prussia, Lithuania, and Russia, too; had forced the siege of Algeçiras, and ridden out into Morocco, Armenia, and Anatolian wilds, fighting the Paynims in Turkey and other realms. Yet he was wise as brave—"a veray parfit gentil knight, and of his port as meke as is a mayde." How was it, then, that the direct descendants of this gentle man came to be cursed with the nickname of "John Bull" and have forced themselves to live down to their reputation?

THE YOUNGER SCHOOL OF FICTION.

THE reading of prose fiction is so considerable a part of modern life as to give a real importance to the issue opened up by Mr. Henry James in two recent numbers of the Literary Supplement of the "Times." Under the title of "The Younger Generation" he presents, half-concealed in a lavish bouquet of minor compliments, a deep and, by intention, a damaging criticism of the art of which Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett in their different ways are leading exponents, an art which seems almost to have captured the field of serious fiction in our time. Mr. James opens with a full acknowledgment of the virtues of the realistic advance, so far as the greater mastery and more exact notation of "material" is concerned. He finds in the "younger generation" a sharper specification of the signs of life and consciousness in the human scene and the human subject than the three or four generations before them had at all been moved to insist upon." In other words, the escape from the romanticism and sentimentality of the early and mid-Victorian novelists has been completely effected, so that the life actually presented is more true and more exact. But this closer regard for concrete detail in character and action has become so absorbing an interest that the excitement it affords to writers and to readers has expelled the idea and the realization of a single artistic purpose. An affluence of realistic circumstances, served up with fidelity, skill, and even enthusiasm, and adducing a "state of inordinate possession on the chronicler's part," describes the function of the novel. "They squeeze out to the utmost the plump and more or less juicy orange of a particular acquainted state, and let this affirmation of energy, however directed or undirected, constitute for them the 'treatment' of the theme."

Now this, according to Mr. James, is mere presentation of material, one part, and not the major part, of the novelist's duty. "These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its centre, and how are we to measure it in relation to that?" It is both curious and interesting to find Mr. James coming round to the very note of instinctive disappointment which so many ordinary simple readers have expressed when they have laid down "The Old Wives' Tale," or "Clayhanger." "And is this all Mr. Bennett has to show us in life?" But in the simple readers this criticism is mainly a

hankering after some older sentimental arrangement of life, either along the familiar romantic line of poetic justice, or for the exhibition of a moral purpose. The marvellously "telling" records of Mr. Bennett or Mr. Wells interest them well enough as they pass along. But when the end comes there is nothing to gather up and concentrate their thought and feeling on. So they feel "left," and, as they say, "disillusioned." The scientific impartiality of Mr. Bennett produces this effect quite as surely as the greater perversity and challenge to accepted standards of value which spice the novels of Mr. Wells. Perhaps on a lower scale of consciousness this feeling of the ordinary reading public supports the more definitely artistic charge of Mr. James, the lack of a central interest which shall dominate "composition," and yield a sense of "the whole." Though Mr. James somewhat deprecates this cruder setting of the complaint, his criticism is really a re-statement of the familiar charge against the "slice-of-life" theory of fiction. Now the validity of such a criticism is by no means self-evident. Even in photography there exists some central artistic purpose underneath and in addition to the mere rendering of the crude facts. The mere selection and delimitation of a subject-matter, the skilled slicing, if you like, carries some such interest and purpose. But Mr. James would be the last to assert that the work he is examining is merely photographic. He admits some arrangement, perhaps some composition. But he finds an incessant leakage of value from a want of that concentration or organic unity of interest which is given in the presentation of "a case."

We have, we think, here the most intelligible account of the real issue. Mr. James thinks that a novel should present "a case," not necessarily a problem of conduct, or a single interest of character-portrayal, but some central artistic theme which should illuminate and impose a meaning and value on the array of real circumstances that constitutes the matter of the story. Now, at least half the career of the novel, including its origins, has been a continual fight against this confining theory. In half-conscious protest against the extravagant falseness of the older romance, the novel struggled into being as a loose literary rendering of common life, portrayed through the wandering adventures of some unheroic personage who should hold our interest as a member of the human family. Even when in Fielding's hands this "History" took on some qualities of definite dramatic structure, it retained a large liberty of episode and commentary. Though the attempt to confine it to some central moral or psychological purpose came in as early as Richardson, and by the time of Godwin's "Caleb Williams" claimed closer obedience to Mr. James's notion of "a case," the inherent license of its literary form usually prevailed. Hitherto the main interest of the novel has lain, where Mr. James insists it ought not to lie, in the diffused general interest of the human scene, with all its confused variety, imperfect consequence, and concealed motives. It is precisely this unconcentrated, loosely composed interest in human happenings, life in its most unassorted sense, that has claimed the novel.

*"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."*

Now we may well agree with Mr. James, that the novel can also be fitted to some closer work of presenting "a case." No one has been more brilliantly successful than he in making it do so. And from his own writings we well know what a "case" signifies, how it organizes and composes the circumstances, and lights up the whole store of materials. Take, for example, one of the least intricate of his later "cases," as given in "The Spoils of Poynton." We have there the widow of a well-to-do

gentleman in possession of a beautiful home filled with articles of taste and beauty, which she and her husband had spent their life in gathering and fitting into their most intimately beautiful uses. Her young barbarian son is seized by a shallow attachment to a young woman whose obtrusive ill-taste and coarseness of feeling make the idea of her as mistress of the treasures of Poynton so intolerable that she is driven to set all her resources of intrigue against the union. She enlists in her cause an uncommonly bright and sympathetic girl, who by a quite natural play of circumstances wins a growing hold upon the young man's affections. The struggle rises to a great intensity of excitement, as the stresses and movements of feeling shift with the changing circumstances of "the case." But everywhere the circumstances, though quite natural and even inevitable, owe their meaning and their value to the emotional play around the central theme, the defence of the "spoils of Poynton" against the barbarian invasion.

Or, again, take such a masterly little "case" as that presented in "In the Cage," where the young Post Office girl telegraphist constructs the whole real world of aristocratic society, with its intrigues and luxury and magnificent liberties, from the materials handed in on telegraphic forms over the counter. This world, reflected in and reacting emotionally on her sensitive and skilful mind, produces, with the slightest assistance of events, a psychological case with a fascinating core of interest. To make the novel do such things is a great achievement. But its possibility does not necessarily give validity to the charge against other novelists of doing something different. Nay, this intensely psychological method is apt to wear upon the temper of most readers. Its ingenuity is acknowledged to be marvellous, but the normal healthy mind is repelled by the undue refinements of taste and tone and shade of feelings, displayed among a little class of idle cultivated people, who have nothing better to do than to inspect their own cerebral and solar-plexar secretions. But the human demand for more externality of action and interest is only part of the rebuttal of Mr. James's charge. There will remain a demand for the laxer use of realism for which Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells stand, with its refusal to tighten into "a case," and its reliance upon the large general interest of life, presented under circumstances not too selected or too composed.

VACANT THRONES.

THERE are some dreams more refreshing than dreamless sleep, as there is some work more refreshing than rest. There is a particularly nice dream that probably visits everyone now and then, that puts the dreamer in possession of a small kingdom not hitherto known among the nations of the earth, but one that is henceforth to be governed with such zeal and wisdom that it shall be the happiest of them all. Just as the dreamer's relations have been established with his Ministers and his people on the most cordial possible standing, he awakes, and thinks in his warm and comfortable bed how good it would be for himself and for the country of his dreams if something of the sort should come true. But out of bed, there are kingdoms waiting for every one of us, and we think nothing of them, preferring to play two hundredth fiddle in a very grand orchestra to conducting a symphony on a single instrument.

How many are there who, being offered the choice of becoming chairman of a County Council or an utterly insignificant Member of Parliament, would not choose the latter? The County Council has no power, no army,

no navy, no tariffs to make experiments with, no foreign relations to get excited about, as one can in the House of Commons, even at the tail of a half-mile procession round the lobbies. Caesar's saying about the joy of being first man in a village was the pious platitude of a man not condemned to be second elsewhere; and as a matter of fact there are thrones vacant in England for more than forty county Caesars, who could make of them very respectable kingdoms indeed. The average County Council in Ireland, that country that we say is incapable of self-government, rises to its possibilities and deals with its housing problems and other matters as a Government should, because an agricultural county in Ireland knows that the farming industry is the most important in its little state, and does not centre in some large town where such elementary affairs are forgotten.

If the greatest statesman is he who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew, then the county Chairman of the Small Holdings Committee has a very fine scope for great statesmanship. He can transform the face and the heart of his county. Where now rolls an uninterrupted expanse of what Mr. Charles Bathurst calls "grass, or the many worthless weeds that look like grass," the cultivated earth should bear every generous growth that the temperate world knows. The hills should rejoice in stripes of azure lucerne, rose sainfoin, yellow mellilot, and other legumes, including the blue lupin that Germany grows by the square mile, and we not at all. The vales should be fragrant with the breath of beans, snowy with young orchards, alive with plough teams or the rattle of harvesting machinery. You should see where such a county begins among the others, as though an Axminster carpet had been thrown down on a bare barn floor. The Napoleon who takes this in hand (for Napoleon was a good agriculturist) must fill his mind with such a vision and believe that it can be realized, and he may live to see at any rate his county an easy first among all the others.

Our principalities are once more brought to book in the Small Holdings Report for their apathy or worse in this department. With the apology that "it cannot be too often repeated," some of the very words of the last report but one are used again. The reason is simple enough, that by the mere splitting of a large grass farm into several small grass farms, the end of the small holdings movement is not obtained. More intensive methods of culture must be adopted if the earth is to yield more produce and support a larger population. What could be more obvious? Can it be that it is by ignoring this axiom of common sense that some of our County Councils have never emerged from the conclusion that small holdings cannot pay? If it were just a matter of splitting large industries into small ones of equal intensity, we could well understand that a county should find it no disgrace, even an honor, to be last in the race for small holdings. The matter is not adjudged to a nicety in the report. A little county like Rutland, one mostly of houses like Middlesex, or a mountainous one like Westmoreland, comes out very low when actual figures and not percentages of opportunity realized are given. Take it all in all, there is probably no throne more vacant than that of Herefordshire, though at first sight that county stands rather well up among the last dozen. In size and many other respects it is a companion to Worcestershire, its soil more suitable for small culture. But Worcestershire, in spite of the fact that it has many good non-Governmental schemes, has received from its county half as much more land. In 1912 Hereford provided no holdings whatever, though it started the year with twelve approved applicants on the books.

Last year it satisfied seven applicants, and now has forty-four unsatisfied, in spite of the fact that a very rigorous overhauling has taken place, and approved applicants have been reduced as much as possible. It is a good illustration of the fact that the visible demand is never the real one when a country is apathetic. As soon as it becomes known that an application has some reasonable chance of success, people who have been hungering in secret for land come forward and try to get it.

And what a laborious process this getting of land is! You cannot get the heart-burning of it or the ruin of it from these statistics. You need the reminder of the Inquiry Committee that "each of them is a human being," with neighbors to share his hopes and his recurring disappointment. To take an ordinary case (not from Herefordshire). A young man applied in 1910, was duly approved, and by 1913 got some of his land. He got it somewhere about Lady Day, but the fencing contractors were allowed to dawdle so much that it was of very little use to him during the summer, though the rent (half as much again as the old rent) had to be paid. He had applied for grass and arable, and the district is one of the most arable in England. Every farmer around him has ploughing, and most of the fields when down at all are only down to clover for a few years. Yet all that he got was permanent pasture, with absolute restriction against ploughing-up. He was condemned to cultivate his land not more intensively but less intensively than the large farmers from among whom he had taken it. However, his Government, to whom he pays heavily in rent and rates, promised to get him arable land almost at once. Almost certainly he would be in by March, 1914, and they would put him up a homestead. Full of joy, he got out his plans, learnt that they were satisfactory, and only when March was past did it transpire that the county agent had neglected the elementary item of giving notice to the farmer. The small-holder must wait at least another year, making five in all, for the most essential field of his whole holding.

These elementary blunders in management, for every one of which the small man, struggling to make a living, and, incidentally, to enrich his country, has to pay, are being made all over the kingdom by servants well paid by the small-holders, but controlled by others often quite unsympathetic to their work. Bred to the belief that small holdings cannot pay, our servants take scarcely any pains to make them a little less ruinous than need be. Pounds per acre could be saved to the tenants by a little economy in fencing and equipment, a little bargaining or forethought in the acquisition of land, by punctuality and business methods that save money in all other undertakings. But at any price the applicants will have the land, and all extravagances are recouped by the Council. As for improving on the methods of large farmers, that is a harder pill than the other to swallow. All foreign improvements are doubtful. True, that the Danes support three times our head of cattle to the acre by substituting cabbage, swedes, and pulse for "the weeds that look like grass," but would our dairymen buy milk that was not produced from permanent pasture? True, that our methods of producing fruit, eggs, butter, bacon, are far behind those of other countries, but these are matters of co-operation and commerce rather than agriculture. It needs something like a revolution to transform an English county, and our country gentlemen who man the Councils are not revolutionary. But it may be that some one with large ideas and the will to carry them out will take one of these vacant thrones and bring in the golden age of British agriculture.

The Drama.

TOLSTOY AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

"Plays," By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aymer Maude. (Constable, 5s. net.)

If we were to apply to the modern drama Tolstoy's method* of sifting the jewels out of the immense rubbish-heap of art and literature, what final deposit should we arrive at? Clearly, a small one. Good art is produced in small quantities, and as the critic sifts and sifts again, through ever finer meshes of fastidiousness, the work which his judgment rejects as not the best, he leaves little enough behind. Why? Is it not because modern life being very complicated, the power of giving it true dramatic significance must be very rare? The great dramatic writer must have seen much and felt much; in other words, he must be artist and moralist, preacher and observer, on a colossal scale of knowledge and experience. He may, indeed, like Ibsen, choose a comparatively small theatre of human action. But this world of his choice he must survey with the utmost minuteness, and also with the breadth of vision which associates it with the general movement. This power of choice and analysis he must also adapt to the conventions of the theatre—its sharply silhouetted figures and concentrated play of motive and action. But, above all, the powerful dramatist must be able to hit his nail plump and square on the head. He must be intensely alive to the most significant facts in modern life, and must see those facts in their actual relationship and contrast to each other, and in the light in which they reveal themselves to the finer consciousness of his generation. To such a task we may well agree that many are called, and few chosen.

But what are these striking facts of life—this salient theme of modern literature—to which I have referred? There are the old internal subjects—the play of love, lust, jealousy, sympathy, avarice, friendship, hate, ambition, nobility, fear, in the heart and in the affairs of man. But what is the true modern tragedy and comedy? Does it not lie in the inevitable separation not merely of one heart and intelligence from another, but of one great and apparently fixed class of men and women from the other, and in the crimes, misunderstandings, injustices, and errors, to which this alienation gives rise? Some such separation has existed in earlier times, and in all nations and climes, but it was not so sharp, nor did the consciousness of it lurk in all thoughtful minds as it lurks to-day, nor the moral helplessness with which men now envisage it. Thus we get a real tragic situation. Men, especially good men, devoutly wish to be brothers, to live with their fellows, and share the pot-luck of life with them. But they cannot. They seem to lack either the will or the power. "Enisled," in the sea of existence, as Arnold says, they live alone. Two special features of modern society appear as the fruits of this division of the world into a class which mainly takes and a class which mainly gives—the degradation of poverty, and the absurdities, futilities, and (often unintended) cruelties of wealth. Other fruits, again, are the growing obscurity and "preciousness" of art, the rise of æstheticism, the passion for pleasure, the extreme melancholy and sensitiveness of the cultivated few, and their detachment from religious belief.

If there is any truth in this analysis, it provides a clue to what is lasting and what is perishable in our dramatic as in our pictorial art. The vast mass of such productions are the merest gossamer-work, born of the hour, and dying with it. A very few persist and recur, and in spite of the prevailing triviality of taste, exhibit a steady and growing emotional power. Such, for example, is Hauptmann's "Weavers," or Galsworthy's "Silver Box." The peculiar quality of these works is that they reach the heart of man, while they awaken his intelligence. But no modern writer happens to be so well equipped as Tolstoy for surveying the spiritual forces of his time. No one can vie with him not merely in moral endowment, but in zeal for the service of mankind

* As it appears in "What is Art?"

and in the broad experience of life which guides and enriches it—"a passionate pursuit of truth, a passionate probing of human motives, a passionate zeal for 'moral perfecting,' and later still, a passionate desire for men's union by love."* All these gifts came into play when Tolstoy began to use the drama as well as the novel and the pamphlet for the purpose of illustrating his social conceptions. His dramatic work was indeed unequal and unfinished. The shorter pieces included in this volume, "The Cause of it All" and "The First Distiller" are tracts, and do not play well, and the apology for himself which he called "The Light Shines in Darkness" needs the touch of a revising hand. But the two great and characteristic plays—"The Power of Darkness" and "The Fruits of Culture"—furnish in their contrast of subject and treatment an almost complete picture of our social division as well as an uncompromising statement of its evils. The one is tragedy, the other comedy, and that, too, is the proper artistic presentment. Conceive a writer determined to reveal God's and the Devil's invisible worlds working in such horrible material shapes that their visage stirs and affrights you as instantly as do the witches in "Macbeth," yet makes you feel that this is a truthful picture of human abandonment, under the inevitable conditions of modern life, and you have "The Power of Darkness." Conceive him, again, equally bent on enlisting our sense of ridicule, of proportion, so that men may have courage to laugh an absurd social system out of court, and you have "The Fruits of Culture." The one play scores by its intensity, its blackness of color and still, brooding atmosphere of evil; the other, by the wide and adroit grouping of characters, so that the two societies, as Tolstoy sees them—the chattering, sensual, credulous, mock-wise, timid, selfish, unstable, insincere, and over-formalized world of wealth and education, and the simple, direct, unlettered but shrewd, kindly, narrowly prudent, and self-reliant world of toil—may appear in vivid juxtaposition. The work is not the tight, close craftsmanship of Ibsen; but it is proportionately freer and more human.

Take the comedy. What a household, that of the Zvezdintsefs, and how many thousands of modern households resemble it in disorder, expense, empty-mindedness! Such masters, made to be tricked and despised by their servants; such servants, bound to ape their masters' follies, and catch the contagion of their vices! The play of these characters is quite merry and good-natured, and there is a hint of Molière in Tanya's duping of her spiritualist master. The sketching is masterly—the knot of absurd spirit-hunters, the sentimental fat lady (a kind of Russian Mrs. Nickleby), the giggling, flirting young people, their heads full of music-hall snatches, the hard mistress of the house, mad about germs and "infection," the kind, fatherly and motherly servants and the bad or dissipated ones, and—standing apart from the senseless bustle—the group of stolid, wondering peasants.

Compare this broad presentment of the human comedy with Tolstoy's study of village depravity. Anti-mystic as he is, he rarely uses super-naturalist machinery; and then, for the most part, for purposes of parable and illustration. Yet Nikita, in "The Power of Darkness," is as much beset by evil as the witch-haunted Macbeth, and Matryóna, the old poisoner and murderess, steals into her victims' hearts as if she were, indeed, a direct emissary of hell. I have seen M. Antoine and his company in "The Power of Darkness," and they played it extremely well. But it requires a highly imaginative setting. For though, as I have said, no visible angels or devils appear, the diabolic and the angelic work is wrought with the utmost closeness into the texture of these people's lives. It is a picture of a society sunk in vice, and redeemable only by a heavenly impulse, imparted to it, not from the moral respectable world above and around it, but from the humblest and weakest of its own members. As the wounded Knight of the Grail finds help in Parsifal the fool, so light falls on

Nikita's darkness through the drunken laborer who fears not man, and the stammering elder, who cannot reason about evil but simply shrinks away from it, like a child from a strange face. The close foul air of the sty of lust and hate lifts in the breath of a renewed humanity, born not of State or of Church, but in the sinner's penitent heart.

In such work, as it seems to me, lie the great themes of the modern theatre. Tolstoy can play in a minor key with much skill, as any reader of his posthumous work, "The Man who was Dead," can see for himself. Fédyá, the charming, impossible, dissipated man, whom everybody loves, and no one can live with, and who cannot fit himself into conventional society at all, supplies in himself a beautiful kind of pathetic comedy. With delicate handling, such work should claim and retain its place on the stage, as Herr Reinhardt's entirely successful experiments with it have shown. But it is the theme of a class rather than of modern life as a whole. Tolstoy's peculiar mastery lies in the fact that he has experienced nearly everything that falls in the way of a great man to see, that he can record it all, and comment on it all. Such a gift was Molière's, who trained it for the stage alone. Tolstoy's genius knew no such concentration, and therefore no such perfection. But of the dozen or so great modern plays, he has written two. They are thesis plays, but only in the sense in which Isaiah is a thesis poem. The prophetic love and passion broods over the creatures of its fancy, and mourns or smiles over their lot. But Tolstoy does not step out of the dramatic atmosphere, nor place himself between his characters and their development. In these plays, as in the greater novels, artist and seer work together and in harmony.

H. W. M.

Short Studies.

SARAVANAMUTTU.

I REMEMBERED so well his leave-taking; I was not willing to believe that the words of affection which he spoke then were the mere conventions of Oriental courtesy. And when his eyes filled with tears and, suddenly stooping down, he kissed my foot, I had raised him up tenderly, with the respect due to genuine and unconcealed emotion. He had been constantly about me on lonely journeys for a year or two, and something of the barrier which divides the man set in authority from humble men, silently observant, who try them by the touchstone of their own simplicity, had given way under the influence of that half-intimacy. Something, but not all. Of my weaknesses he must have known enough, but he could not have understood how in certain situations the very marrow of one's bones seems being consumed: how a man may move between two dreams, the dreams of his own brain from which he can no more escape than he can elude the pursuit of his shadow, the dreams which seem to be among the highest functions of his spiritual nature, and yet torment and disintegrate it; and the dream of reality, which we only call real because we are aware of it moving visibly in the light of day, can touch and describe it by color and by shape; because it is vocal and may become vociferous if we break with its illusions. And this dream of real life—how on its threshold we longed for the door to open, that we might enter and take a place, perhaps a conspicuous one, among its imposing phantoms—grows incredibly monotonous as the years advance; incredibly monotonous and desolatingly insignificant, having in it nothing which is relevant, except as food for that other world of dreams. And yet behind the monotony are ages of effort, brilliant reputations, catacombs of legislative enactments, unrewarded drudgery, the final and sufficient reward of unrecognizable graves. How many oaks have gone to the making of the sawdust which floats in the atmosphere of the modern administrative workshop! The turning of water into wine is an accepted piece of thaumaturgy. Living writers—combining with their calling something of the tumbler and the heavy-weight—in the intervals of throwing literary somersaults have

* "Tolstoy." By Edward Garnett. Modern Biographies Series. (Constable.) Perhaps the best and most enlightening short study of Tolstoy in existence.

found time for a vigorous handshake with the miraculous. But in his own way the official who understands his business is also a worker of wonders. He has but to touch the red wine of life, and it turns at once into a fluid as colorless and insipid as distilled water. I remember once, on a lonely shore, littered with the wreckage of an abandoned steamer, picking up a small packet of correspondence written in French: the fine characters were much blotted and blurred with salt water, but "*sauterelles*," and again "*sauterelles*," was plainly decipherable on the quarto page. The music of the word chiming in my head with some old French rhyme called up a Theocritean vision, of thyme and sea-thrift, and green grass blades, and a crumbling cliff sun-warmed, above a blue bay. But these "*sauterelles*" had somehow become a problem: they had been exercising the mind of Monsieur le Vice-Gouverneur de Pondichéry. I have an idea that he proposed somehow to convert them into revenue; to make a dye of them, or perhaps a compôte for the export market. When I learnt that these delicate creatures were tangled inextricably in the secretariat jungle, I felt that the grasshopper had become a burden: they were locusts: I dropped the paper with disgust.

Of course, I have come to see now that the man who walks between two worlds of dreams becomes himself a dream, incomprehensible to himself and to his fellow-man. There is no *via media* between absolute surrender to the one and absolute revolt against the other. But in my then state of mind, apart from the disabilities of race and language, I was a puzzle to Saravanamuttu, as he was to me, the little brown-skinned man with the puckered forehead, the lean visage, sometimes crumpled up into abashed amusement at some inconsequent waywardness on my part, some jest which broke gently upon him with a sense of infinite condescension. And he, unknown to himself, was a puzzle to me; every day he fitted up my creaking camp-bed in some new halting-place, sublimely patient with its intractable humors, smoothed the pillows with the same scrupulous exactitude, and laid out my travel-worn garments as reverentially as if they were to clothe a prince at his coronation; filled my bath; and then retired noiselessly to his pots and pans. And, though vessels designed for strangely different purposes were often assorted by him in startling juxtaposition, he never failed to emerge in due time with some wholly creditable result of his prolonged experiments in the tormenting reek of smoky restaurant kitchens. But what was going on all the time in his brain, behind the innocent and silent mask of his somewhat confused countenance, I never was able to divine.

I had given up Government service for some years, having entered by a turn of events as inevitable as they were unforeseen on the inheritance left me by my father. I was his heir in more senses than one, and my retirement was one of the consequences which flow from sonship and paternity.

The time came when I felt a strange curiosity to revisit a place where I had spent several years of my life, and in August, 19—, I found myself in my old station. The place was very little changed. The waters of the great harbor, completely landlocked from this point of view, were dashing hurriedly against the heavy timber piers of the jetty, weed-hung and encrusted with shells. The same buoys were dancing in the offing and a sail stretched away in the shadow of a promontory, wooded to the water's edge, as if memory had chartered her, and she were continuing a voyage begun ten years ago. At the Treasury I could see the constable on guard, his tunic unbuttoned as it used to be when such small negligences were hastily adjusted under the rebuking glance of my official eye. And behind the treasury the tall mahogany trees lifted their dark leaves as though they had never shed them, and the wind coming across the harbor streamed with the same glitter and shadow-play among the branches of the swaying palms. Some coolies in short white drawers were unloading grain from a cargo boat, and the sun lit up the rough, ochreous walls of the warehouse, the tawny sacks on the backs of the coolies, the thick red dust of the road that they stirred up with their feet. There was the same

litter of rubbish in the culvert; and an old woman whom I recognized squatting in the shade of a tulip tree waved her palm-leaf fan above her sweetmeat basket as if she had sat there waving it ever since I went away.

But where was Saravanamuttu? Beyond the Hindu temple, with its pyramidal pagoda crowded with dwarfish monsters, a small procession came down the broad lane which cut at right angles the harbor-road where I stood. They were bearing a dead man to his grave. A great saint, this one; for he was perched high above the shoulders of the crowd on a kind of canopy, his legs doubled up beneath him, and his rigid limbs quaking oddly with the movement of the bearers. There was no awning or covering above his head, and the evening sun struck full on his face and naked breast, which reflected it back with a kind of ashen deadness, as from an idol of clay. It was Saravanamuttu. There he sat triumphant, awe-inspiring, but dreadfully grotesque. And in due course, when his triumph was over, they laid him in the sand of the Hindu burial ground, where the pink and white lilies come up in the early year, and the purple convolvulus blooms. I took a silent farewell of him as he passed me, for the first time without a rather awkward but friendly salaam.

When I made inquiries I found that he had renounced the world some time before he died; renounced, O amassers of millions!—life on R10 a month with travelling allowance, and all those snares which too alluringly engage the sense in a small mud-floored hut where the smoke curls up through the roof, furnished with a mat to sleep on, a chair, and a table, a little brass pot, two or three chatties, a satinwood box, bound with ebony, and containing his best turban and a few spare clothes. He had renounced, I say, these luxuries as stumbling blocks in the right way, and had built himself a square house with heavy red round tiles, and a little opening through which he received food. There he sat in that small space scarcely six feet square; and there the great change came over him for which he had prepared so long.

GEOFFREY COOKSON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PEOPLE AND THE ARMY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not an officer in the Army, nor have I any relatives in the Army, and I am, I think, impartial on the subject.

But I do not think that with quinquennial Parliaments the Government of the day can be supposed always to speak for the people, especially if the question is one on which the people were not consulted at the last General Election. And this is more especially true if the question relates to future action, and changes may take place before the time for this action arrives. If the troops had been ordered to commence hostile operations against the Ulster volunteers on the late occasion, I think the Government who gave the order would have been acting, not only without any mandate from the people, but contrary to the wish of the people. Ought the troops to have obeyed nevertheless?

But to proceed. It is admitted that a soldier or an officer, in peace-time, is not simply bound to obey orders. If he fires illegally and kills a man, he is guilty of a crime, although his superior officer may have ordered him to fire. He is only bound to obey lawful commands. And I am of opinion that if a soldier had been ordered to fire on the Ulstermen on the late occasion, it would have been an illegal order, and he would have committed a crime if he fired, although his commanding officer had ordered him to fire.

Troops cannot be employed to carry out a Bill which has not become law; nor can such a Bill be treated as an expression of the opinion of the people. The people seem to me to be willing to modify this Bill considerably. But many persons think that if the people were appealed to, they would reject it altogether. They were in favor of it at one time, but not now.

A threat of armed resistance is not a constitutional method of opposing a Bill. But there are circumstances under which, if the Bill continued to be pressed, resistance would be morally justified. And it seems to me that the threat of using the Army on the other side is much more unconstitutional. If the promoters of a Bill happen to be the persons who are entrusted with the control of the Army, it was never intended that their power of employing the Army should be used in procuring the passing of the Bill; and when they threaten to use it for that purpose, the officers of the Army should carefully consider the legality of any directions that they may receive. In using the Army for partisan purposes, the Executive may not impossibly overstep the limits of what is legal. The threat of using the Army against Ulster was, I think, undoubtedly intended to facilitate the passage of the Bill by alarming its opponents.—Yours, &c., X.

Dublin, April 6th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is a shock to one who has hitherto admired the sanity of THE NATION to find the current number devoted to promoting the cry "The People against the Army." To the many of your readers who endeavor to keep passion out of their politics the accusations of "mutiny" and "insurrection" will seem perilously near hysteria, and the call for an attack by the party on the Army a questionable service to the nation. The Cabinet must be either right or wrong in stating that the resignations of the Curragh officers were due to misunderstandings. If the Cabinet is right, the bottom at once falls out of the accusations of "mutiny and insurrection." The latter can only be substantiated if the intention was actually to initiate military measures against Ulster, which the Prime Minister has denied. I refuse to believe that the Prime Minister has concealed the truth in this matter, and I am unable to see how any sane Liberal, without believing the whole Cabinet disingenuous, can find justification for taking up your call of "The People against the Army."—Yours, &c.,

MEDICUS.

[It is not we who created the state of mind in the Army which led to General Gough's attempt to wring an assurance from the Cabinet that it would not be employed to execute the King's laws and maintain the King's peace against armed sedition.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your current issue, I read an article headed "The Military Coup d'Etat." Such an expression implies that the military take sufficient interest in politics to have thought out and executed a carefully organized action against the Government.

The truth is that officers despise both political parties equally, since neither has ever attempted to carry through any measure to improve the efficiency of the Army, if that were prejudicial to the interests of party. Further, General Paget's question was put to the officers without warning, and immediate answer demanded. I read also: "Officers of the Army . . . have refused to obey their orders to move against this force." What authority have you for this statement? What were the orders given?

That the officers concerned accepted the option of dismissal from the service, thus sacrificing their means of livelihood, and in many cases the prospects of a brilliant career, could hardly, one would think, be construed by the bitterest partizan into a breach of discipline.—Yours, &c.,

G. R. P.

Cavendish Club, 119, Piccadilly, W.

THE FEARS OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 28th ult., Colonel Grimshaw Haywood writes that "the Irish Parliament can have no effect on religion, nor can it either increase or decrease the number of Catholics or Protestants." Against this opinion must be set the deliberate statement of the Rev. Gerald O'Nolan, St. Malachy's College, Belfast, who said, in December, 1912: "It is high time to show what our Irish faith is made of. We shall have a free hand in the future. Let us use it well.

This is a Catholic country, and if we do not govern it on Catholic lines, according to Catholic ideals, and to safeguard Catholic interests, it will be all the worse for the country and all the worse for us."

We Protestants have had some experience already of what government on Catholic lines means. The *Ne Temere* decree is in force at present, and the British Government seems powerless to protect its victims. This decree in effect declares that persons legally married according to the laws of the United Kingdom are not married at all, but are living in concubinage, and their children are illegitimate. It results in the breaking-up of families, the stealing of children from the Protestant parent, and the "conversion" of many to Roman Catholicism in order to escape persecution. An Irish Parliament containing a permanent majority of Roman Catholics, faithful members of their Church, will give the fullest support to such a decree, and so will "increase the number of Catholics."

But we are told that there are guarantees. We hold that such guarantees are not worth the paper on which they are written; for it is a well-known maxim of Roman canon law that "an oath taken against ecclesiastical interests does not bind" (Decret. Greg. IX., II., XXIV., 27); and it is laid down that "no one is obliged to keep faith with excommunicated persons until they have been reconciled" (Decret. II., Caus. XV. quest. VI., 45).—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DUNDAS.

Magheragall Rectory, Lisburn.

April 6th, 1914.

THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You properly and rightly censure the unaccountable apathy of the administration in Ireland for the past two years in allowing those Orange doings to pass unnoticed, and in so censuring the person responsible for such an untoward state of things as exists to-day, you express the general feelings of Nationalists and all other law-abiding people in Ireland. One cannot understand this curious attitude of official indifference to the most flagrant and flagitious defiance of the law. Illegalities of every kind and description were openly permitted to be indulged in under the protection of an Orange flag. Marching and drilling, arming and the storage of arms, scouting, signalling, all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," went gaily on as if they were the most innocent diversions. Men with commissions in the Army, men with commissions of the peace, Privy Councillors, Crown Prosecutors, and every form of official were openly taking part in proceedings that in any other country, or in this country at any other time or by any other body of men, would not be tolerated for one moment. We had men going into tented fields received with military honors, their houses guarded by armed men, their progress attended by armed men. We had oaths for conditional revolt and provisional rebellion openly administered, covenants and solemn leagues entered into to defy the law in certain events which the leaders of the illegal campaign were to be sole judges of. For not one tithe of such kind of seditious action in 1798, in 1848, and in 1865, men were transported, better men in every sense than the crowd who enlisted and paraded in the Carson Army. Is it one law for a Nationalist and another for an Orangeman? Is sedition mere talk when spouted by Orangemen, but dangerous when uttered by a Nationalist?

All this neglect and indifference to the elementary rules of government for the maintenance of order and the upholding of the outraged law is now bearing its bitter fruit. This Orange demonstration of defiance is formidable and dangerous to-day because it was allowed to grow and become such.—Yours, &c.,

A NATIONALIST.

April 6th, 1914.

THE WAYS OF THE C.O.S.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After reading your interesting article in your issue of the 21st inst., entitled "The Ways of the C.O.S.," I have been looking up some of the more recent sayings of the late Canon Barnett. I find that in 1908 he wrote as follows:—

"The C.O.S. has my greatest respect. Its influence has, I believe, been the source of the present more thoughtful interest in social problems, and I recognize that among its workers, paid and unpaid, are to be found the most self-sacrificing servants of the poor."

I have for many years followed the sayings of the late Canon as those of a leader, and I should be much interested to know whether the writer of your article is referring to a pronouncement later or earlier than 1908 when he says that Canon Barnett "lost patience with the C.O.S."

Another point in his forcible article seems to require clearing up. He says:—

"A comfortable person playing the detective on the poor forms an abstraction of the begging man which is as fruitful of error as the abstraction of the economic man."

On the same day that I read these words I attended a little gathering in a C.O.S. office, and I puzzled a good deal over the phrase "A comfortable person." My surroundings were among the most uncomfortable I have experienced. The rooms had the air of a home-worker's rooms, where comfort and elegance are equally sacrificed in the interests of business. There was no carpet nor linoleum, the chairs were of the hardest, and I had to sit on a wooden form with no back. The Secretary and other workers looked very tired and grimy, and their jackets were thrown anywhere, there being no proper place to put them. The door was kept shut by a half-brick, the usual mechanism being out of order. The speaker of the evening was a Superintendent Relieving Officer, and everything he said was received with the greatest respect and interest. Those who spoke appeared to me, both by their appearance and words, as likely persons to understand the difficulties of the poor as anybody in the world. Your writer's references to champagne and Mr. De Vere struck me as amazingly incongruous in that place.

I am not disputing his criticisms, which may or may not be just; but I cannot help feeling that there are points he might clear up in another article or letter.—Yours, &c.,

L. JAMESON.

14, Clarendon Road, W.
March 31st, 1914.

[Mrs. Bosanquet states in her book (p. 142) that Canon Barnett let it be publicly known in 1895 that he was no longer in sympathy with the C.O.S. He differed from its policy about Old Age Pensions and the Municipalization of the Hospitals, and thought that the Council was composed of persons out of touch with the poor. The passage quoted by our correspondent from our article began with a carefully drawn distinction between "the ruling members" of the C.O.S. and C.O.S. workers, which our correspondent, we fancy, has overlooked. The ruling members are in what are generally called "comfortable" circumstances, and their claim to understand better than other people the general problems of the world of the uncomfortable appears to us to be derived from a relationship that is apt to give misleading impressions.—Ed., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue of your paper, I noticed an interesting review of Mrs. Bosanquet's "History of the Charity Organization Society," and, as a trade unionist and Socialist, I appreciated your strong criticism of that body.

It has occurred to me that your readers may be interested to learn that on the initiative of Bebel House, the recently established Working Women's College, and after a magnificent protest meeting at Battersea against the manner in which the Children's Care Committees are being administered, a committee has been formed, having on it representative trade unionists, for the purpose of combating, on constructive lines, the C.O.S., where perhaps its baneful influence has the most disastrous effects—viz., in the schools where starving and underfed children attend. The Secretary of the Committee is Mrs. Winton Evans, the Treasurer is Mrs. Despard, and I am its Chairman. Its objects, as already announced in trade union journals, are as follows:

By a systematic propaganda in London trade unions, to form an organized and effective demand that the feeding of starving and underfed children in London schools shall be carried out on communal, generous, and decent lines, and not in the degrading, soul-crushing, charity organization spirit, in which the authorities in the richest city in the

world administer the Act for feeding necessitous school children.

I may say that, personally, I feel that, in view of the extent in which the "white scourge" (consumption) prevails in the schools, by reason of the poverty of condition in the home lives of so many of the children, the Committee should include in its scope a pressing demand for the establishment, at the public expense, of the necessary scientifically organized open-air recovery schools on healthy sites away from the slums (patching up in back-yard sanatoriums ought not to be tolerated).

This demand for "open-air recovery schools" has for many years been included in the constructive education programme of the Trade Union Congress, and its fulfilment is long overdue.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN STOKES.

(Chairman, London Trades Council.)

April 4th, 1914.

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. M. Minturn Scott's inquiry, Ralph Montagu (afterwards Duke) built a house in Bloomsbury, with the help of Dr. Hooke, Curator of Experiments for the Royal Society, and one of the amateurs to whom the Great Fire brought a large amount of architectural work. Evelyn went to see the house on several occasions—May 11th, 1676, November 5th, 1679, and October 10th, 1683, under which dates he mentions it. He calls it "a stately and ample palace," in which Verrio exceeded anything he had yet done. The house was "after the French manner." He recalls its destruction by fire on January 19th, 1686.

Another house was built by the same Duke of Montagu on the same site, with the help of the French architect, Puget. This Montagu House became the British Museum in 1753, and was removed to make way for the present building in the middle of last century. (See "London, Past and Present," by Wheatley and Cunningham.)

I have found no reference to Charles de Lafosse in connection with either house. It is evident that Verrio decorated the first.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. GOTCH.

Weekley Rise, near Kettering.
March 31st, 1914.

DIPHTHERIA AND ANTITOXIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. William J. Piggott, in the course of a long letter on the above subject, quotes the experience of the Metropolitan Asylums Board for thirteen years, showing in each year a much higher mortality among cases treated with antitoxin than those treated without.

Mr. Piggott does not state that it is no test of the point under dispute to examine the rates of mortality in the two classes, if in the one antitoxin has been used, because the cases were severe, and in the other it was omitted because the cases were mild.

That this has been the case at all the Metropolitan Asylums Board hospitals is clearly stated in the report for the year 1895, and re-stated in many subsequent reports.

I have been in charge of one of these hospitals since 1896, and have edited the statistics from which Mr. Piggott quotes for many years, and I can assure him that this strict selection of cases has always taken place, all bad cases being treated with antitoxin, and only very mild cases being left without.

Seeing that the Board's staff as a body are favorable to antitoxin, such selection cannot be avoided; for none of us would agree to omit antitoxin in a case where we consider it necessary.

The deaths that occur among cases not treated with antitoxin are few. From 181 in 1895 they have decreased to 20 a year or less in the last five years quoted by Mr. Piggott, and are accounted for by miscellaneous causes, as the following: A few die in the ambulance or before antitoxin can be given; some come in with a severe attack of measles or other disease, complicated with a mild form of diphtheria, and die of the former, &c.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. TURNER, M.D.

South-Eastern Hospital, Avonley Road, New Cross, S.E.
April 7th, 1914.

Poetry.

THE STRANGER.

LONG alone in the house,
 With the tall black clock by the door!
 His tock, tick, tock, and the burrowing mouse
 Were never so loud before;
 And Mother is tending the little new babe
 That is over at Ballinamore.

I have whittled the hazel stick;
 The chips are still on the floor;
 I have poured the oil, I have trimmed the wick,
 And my prayers said three times o'er.
 And I read the book that I bought at the Fair
 Until I could see no more.

On the path from the mountain ridge,
 Someone sings in the rain;
 He has passed safe over the creaking bridge,
 And comes to the turn of the lane.
 His song is one that I have never heard,
 Like a creature crying in pain.

Why are the dogs so still
 At the clank of the closing gate?
 Someone has missed the road from the hill
 To come to our door so late;
 Oh, I wish I were not in the house alone
 With neither Mother nor Kate!

I could not leave him outside,
 While the fire burned warm and bright,
 So I went to the door and cried,
 "Come in out of the night!"
 And a long-limbed man stepped out of the gloom,
 And winked his eyes in the light.

"Boy, how far to the sea?"
 "Seventeen miles by the plain;
 Not more than nine by the moorlands free
 Through the pass of 'A Thousand Slain.'
 Rest you, and hang up your cloak to the blaze,
 It is heavy and sodden with rain."

He supped on the creepie stool,
 But ever he turned to hark;
 "The rain has ceased, and the moon is full;
 Could'st find the track in the dark?"
 And I would have stayed as my Mother had said,
 But his eyes had a restless spark.

I gave the stranger his will,
 So pallid and set was he;
 I led him over the rounded hill,
 Where the wet grass rose to my knee,
 And the ragged clouds fled over the moon,
 The cold drops dripped from the tree.

The stepping stones o'er the deep,
 Cold torrent were long to find;
 But safe through the dark I made leap on leap,
 While the dim form followed behind.
 Round the great rock buttress we felt our way,
 And sudden, met with the wind!

Low and dense flew the mist
 In billows eddying past;
 Through our hair long streaming the keen wind hissed,
 The thorn trees shuddered aghast.
 Ever we stumbled on tussock or stone,
 And battled for breath in the blast.

Onward, upward we sped
 Through the strange wild pass that I love,
 With the rock walls rearing high overhead,
 And the black night driving above;
 The mountains were filled with the cries of the wind,
 As wearily seaward we strove.

Beyond is the moor without tree,
 There I grew heavy with fear;
 "Sir, whence come these shapes that I see
 And the cold, thin voices I hear?"

"Be silent now, brother, and give me your hand,
 And your clouded eyes shall be clear."

Fire in the strong hand's curve,
 And swift through my arm ran the pain,
 Fiercer it tingled in sinew and nerve,
 It bubbled and beat in my brain;
 For I saw how the dim forms flocked to a Fair,
 And builded their booths on the plain.

All unmarked, we took heed
 How they bid and bartered and sold;
 How one shape bought him a shadowy steed,
 And flung down the shadowy gold;
 How the juggler threw up his seven sharp spears,
 And the black forms gasped, as of old.

Many a man and maid
 Met in that darkling land;
 He spoke the words that are long since said,
 She gave him her ghostly hand;
 They mingled and ebbd in their shadowy sea,
 As the salt foam steals from the strand.

Loth we passed from the throng,
 Onward, wearily pressed,
 Where the brown-haired rushes grow smooth and long,
 And the bog-holes tremble unguessed,
 Till the track sloped down at the moor's far verge
 To a windless haven of rest.

We drank from a stream in the peat,
 By a wood I had thriddled full oft;
 There the stranger lay down, and I at his feet,
 Where the mosses grew silent and soft;
 Till the faint wind welled through a measureless peace,
 Though the wind was still raging aloft.

"Master, why are we here?
 Never a word you have said.
 Who are you that made me to serve you in fear,
 Whom long through the dark I have led,
 Through the spirits of evil that wander abroad,
 And why am I not in my bed?"

"Grief is the name that I wear,
 Little my life can be worth;
 They have followed me hard over mountains bare
 For words that I spoke in the North.
 To a land removed from their thirst for blood
 On a ship I must now fare forth.

"The shapes that you saw at the Fair,
 It is long since their brave hearts bled,
 And the swift years pass since they breathed of our air:
 These are the homing dead.
 But some are set free from their trammels in sleep,
 From the ends of the earth they are sped.

"You saw that hovel anon—
 (One kissed the posts of the door)
 It was there long since that a pale face shone
 That shall shine at his step no more.
 I, too, with the sombre cloak of the night
 Shall return from that laughterless shore."

Silent we came to the sea,
 From the wearisome sand-swept lane,
 And the dew lay thick and white on the quay
 Where the winged ship tugged at her chain.
 "If the great Fates please, little brother of mine,
 One day we shall wander again.

"You yet shall lighten the yoke,
 Give them your heart's deep core."
 He kissed me on either cheek as he spoke,
 Passed onward and turned no more.
 And I stared speechless over the sand
 At the small green waves of the shore.

Long miles homeward to go,
 With never a one to meet!
 The hills were drenched in the saffron glow,
 The grass smelt heavy and sweet,
 And I knew the awe of Elisha's soul
 When the mantle fell at his feet!

CLARISSA JANIE GRAVES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of the Right Hon. John Edward Ellis." By A. T. Bassett. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Russia: The Country of Extremes." By Madame N. Jarintzoff. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 16s. net.)
- "An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." By Martin Haile. (Pitman. 16s. net.)
- "Pot-Pourri, Mixed by Two." By Mrs. C. W. Earle and Ethel Case. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The War Office, Past and Present." By Captain Owen Wheeler. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Shakespeare Personally." By David Masson. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
- "Hannibal Once More." By Douglas Freshfield. (Arnold. 5s. net.)
- "On Dreams." By Professor S. Freud. Translated by M. D. Eder. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Church in the Highlands." By John Mackay. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)
- "Dramatic Actualities." By W. L. George. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. net.)
- "Matthew Hargrave." By S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- "Penseurs Libres et Libérés de Pensée." Par L. Dugas. (Paris: Alcan. 2fr. 50.)
- "Les Survivants." Roman. Par René Behaine. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)
- "Apotheker." Kulturhistorischer Roman. Von Carl Othmar. Leipzig: Gerstenberg. M. 3.)

"THE WAR OF STEEL AND GOLD" is the title of a book by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, to be issued soon after Easter by Messrs. Bell. Mr. Brailsford's main thesis is that the motive which produces the race in armaments among the great Powers is not either defence or any European aggression, but the economic pressure due to the export of capital.

ENGLISH readers have no reason to complain of lack of books on the Italian "Risorgimento." One of the latest announcements is a translation of "Memoirs of Youth" by Giovanni Visconti-Venosta, a book which gives a good account of the early life of Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta, the friend and colleague of Mazzini and Cavour.

UNDER the title of "The Tory Tradition" Mr. Murray is about to publish four lectures on Bolingbroke, Burke, Disraeli, and Salisbury, which were given by Mr. Geoffrey Butler before the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Butler's method is historical, and his aim is to show that as Toryism has been capable of constructive efforts in the past, there is no reason why this should not also be the case in the future.

MR. VALENTINE BALL is preparing for the press the "Reminiscences" of his father, the late Sir Robert Ball. He intends to print a collection of Sir Robert Ball's letters in the same volume, and he would be glad if those who possess such letters would communicate with him at 18, Holland Street, Kensington.

LEIGH HUNT tells us that he often cut open a new catalogue of old books "with all the fervor and ivory folder of a first love," and we imagine that most bookish people will turn with interest to the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of Samuel Pepys," announced by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Pepys had the true spirit of the collector, and his famous "Diary" has many references to his own catalogue, or "alphabet" as he often calls it. Thus on February 15th, 1668, he writes: "At noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon and evening till midnight almost, and till I had tired my own backe, and my wife's, and Deb's, in tittleing of my books for the present year, and in setting them in order, which is now done to my very good satisfaction."

EUROPEAN editors have much to learn from their Chinese colleagues. We quote from the "Mercure de France" the terms in which the editor of the Peking journal, "Psin-pao," returns unsolicited manuscripts:—

"Most honored brother of the sun and moon! Your slave is prostrate at your feet! I kiss the ground before you and implore you to authorize me to speak and live! Your

manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us, and we have read it with enchantment. I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back. If I allowed myself to print this treasure, the President would immediately order me to use it for ever as an example, and forbid me to dare to print anything inferior. My literary experience enables me to declare that such literary pearls are only created once in ten thousand years, and this is why I take the liberty of returning it to you. Pardon me, I beg you! I lie on the ground at your feet, and am the slave of your slave."

IN connection with the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon's birth on June 10th next, the Clarendon Press is preparing a volume of essays, in which various aspects of Roger Bacon's work are dealt with by specialists. Among the contents of the volume are "Roger Bacon and the Latin Vulgate" by Abbot Gasquet, "Roger Bacon and Medicine" by Sir William Osler, "Roger Bacon and Gunpowder" by Lieutenant-Colonel Hime, and "Roger Bacon and English Literature" by Sir J. E. Sandys.

"THE SCOTTISH REVIEW," which was founded by the late Lord Bute in 1882, and suspended publication in 1900, has now been revived, and will appear quarterly under the editorship of the Hon. R. Erskine. Its aim is to become a Scottish organ of national significance, and one of its notes will be an attitude of detachment from all existing political groupings.

Mrs. ELLIS CHADWICK has not found much support for her theory that Charlotte Brontë is the real author of the story of "Kitty Bell" incorporated in Eugène Sue's novel, "Mary Lawson." But her contention reminds us of the place which Sue held in the world of books for a brief period. His serials were among the most popular ever written, and lines of people used to wait for hours in the Paris streets in order to secure copies of the journals in which they were printed. Alexandre Dumas was his only rival, but while "Les Trois Mousquetaires" is still read, "Les Mystères de Paris" and "Le Juif Errant" are practically forgotten.

IN one of his "Bookman's Letters" Sir William Robertson Nicoll predicts a revival of the essay. Within the past fortnight we have had books from two essayists—Mr. A. C. Benson and Mr. G. S. Street—who have a certain vogue, but neither of them gives much promise of the desired revival. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the essay was never on a lower level than it is to-day. In the form given to it by Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc it has lost its ideal tone of urbane, easy conversation, and resembles—at all events on Mr. Belloc's part—an attempt to dominate the talk in a noisy tavern. And if Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc shout at us, Mr. Benson wearies us or sends us to sleep. There are few better themes for an essayist than fear, which is the subject of his new book. Hazlitt has shown some of its possibilities in his essay "On the Fear of Death." But instead of telling us anything illuminating from his own experience, or helping us to understand how the passion affected Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, and other great men, Mr. Benson plods along, setting down a string of commonplaces about fears of childhood, boyhood, youth, middle age, and so forth.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL lays it down in the book we have mentioned that an essayist's chief difficulties are that he can hardly help falling constantly into platitude, and that, as a rule, he has to write round his subject. Mr. Street is more successful in escaping these twin troubles than Mr. Benson. He is less prolix, and though he writes about nothing of very great moment, he contrives to win the reader's interest. He catches the tone of agreeable conversation, which is indispensable to the ideal essay, and if he preaches a little to his readers and talks a good deal about himself, these, also, are within an essayist's traditional rights. Mr. Street has style, and he nearly always achieves a note of distinction. But in spite of all these qualities, we do not think Mr. Street's latest volume as good as its predecessors. It is duller, and has less freshness and spontaneity. On the whole, it seems as if the writer who can revive the essay has yet to make his appearance.

Reviews.

DANTE'S MANNER AND SIGNIFICANCE.

"The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri." Translated by E. M. SHAW. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Spiritual Message of Dante." By the Right Reverend Bishop BOYD CARPENTER. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)

As an excuse for publishing still another translation of the "Divine Comedy," Mr. E. M. Shaw informs us that his verses flowed very easily. It is not a very good excuse. Mr. Shaw is by no means singular in having the gift of extemporizing in blank verse measure; he should be prouder of another and far rarer gift, which he also mentions in his preface—the gift of patiently studying the improvement of his verses. To plead that, indeed, would have been a much more persuasive excuse for his rendering. But Mr. Shaw is not very good at excuses. He forestalls objection to a blank verse translation by asserting that blank verse "is as much of Italian origin as *terza rima*." Well, but if that is the excuse, it would surely be equally valid for translating Dante into *ottava rima*; which is as absurd as anything in Euclid. And the assertion is scarcely true; at any rate, it is certainly not the whole truth. But why offer any excuse for using blank verse here? What *terza rima* is to Italian, Alexandrines to French, and hexameters to Latin, blank verse is to English: the staple and classic measure. Mr. Shaw is quite right in supposing that a precise reproduction of the external form of the "Divine Comedy" would probably result in a *tour de force* rather than an honest translation. Blank verse is the measure in English which one would expect to be chosen as the natural correspondence to the measure of the original.

Neither is there any excuse needed for publishing a translation of Dante at all, so long as it is competent and dignified. In the first place, the substantial poetry of the "Divine Comedy" is so remarkable and so arresting, that the boldest version of it must convey a good deal of its effect. Take this short simile, which is part of an extraordinary description of two sinners melting together into one substance; the features are being obliterated, before they emerge again as the novel compound of two bodies:—

"As when before the burning
A brownish color runs all up the paper
Ere it turn black; and all the white is gone."

That is Mr. Shaw's translation. The astonishing imaginative use to which minute and intensely realistic observation has been put would scarcely be forgotten by anyone who read it there for the first time; but such an one would scarcely realize that Dante's words, their external rhythm and their internal vigor, are as wonderful here as his matter. This brings us to the second reason why any new translation of Dante is to be welcomed; why, at least, it is not to be deprecated as superfluous. Any new rendering of the "Divine Comedy" is, on the contrary, a revival, though perhaps only an instantaneous revival, of long-deferred hopes. Is this, we ask ourselves as we open the book, is this, at last, the rendering for which English literature has so long waited? Mr. Shaw's, we may say at once, is not that long-expected rendering, though it is a performance respectable enough. But it might have been the thing we are looking for; and until the completely adequate translation of Dante appears, that "might have been" will serve to excuse any painstaking effort towards its accomplishment. We may easily welcome Mr. Shaw's effort as an earnest of what is perhaps to come; as, at least, a proof that the absence of an adequate translation of Dante is felt by the conscience of English literature at large.

The fault we have to find with Mr. Shaw's version will already have been surmised from the brief specimen of it given above. It is that his words do not give any compelling idea of Dante's astonishing diction and rhythm. What Dante's words do, Mr. Shaw's version fairly sets out; it is something so concrete and so vivid that it could hardly escape. But there is very little suggestion of the marvellous and characteristic way Dante's words perform their office—of all the power in them which lies outside the range of mere logical and grammatical meaning, and of their

enchanting music. It is just this that all the versions of the "Divine Comedy" signally fail in; they are, in a word, nothing near poetical enough. They have not been undertaken by men with a talent for language capable of responding to Dante's genius. There is, of course, one partial exception. Cary did manage to suggest to a very considerable extent the sheer fact that the "Divine Comedy" is, in manner as well as matter, a tremendous affair. For all that, his famous version is scarcely to be reckoned as an adequate translation; for, roughly, what he did was to transpose Dante into Milton. Undeniably, Cary was faced by a difficult problem; and his solution of it, if he was concerned simply to make his version readable, was perhaps wise. But it was a solution that meant shirking the finest and perhaps the most important duties of a translator. Cary had evidently studied the movement of blank verse; and he applied his studies with great success. Now the movement of blank verse is nothing like the movement of *terza rima*. It is a question of paragraphs. In all great narrative verse, the movement of each line is merely a factor in the larger movement of the paragraph; and nothing could less resemble the simple, almost uniform paragraph of *terza rima* than the complex, varying paragraphs of blank verse. But, in such a poet as Dante, the movement of his verse is indistinguishable from the movement of his thought. Cary was too good an artist to tolerate any discrepancy in his work between the shape of the thought and of the verse. When, therefore, he allowed the movement of blank verse to have its own way in his rendering, he was bound to make a radical change in the movement of Dante's thought. It is a very serious alteration; for if there is one thing a translator ought to stick to, if he is to preserve the deepest characteristics of the poet he is translating, it is the exact and shapely movement of the thought in the original; that movement is the inmost vitality of poetry. Cary frankly leaves out this primary characteristic; instead of it, he provides an agreeable substitute. But Longfellow, and most succeeding translators, are more faithful; Mr. Shaw is among them in this matter. Unfortunately, however, he is like them in another matter; there is no correspondence whatever between the movement of the thought in his rendering (which is Dante's movement), and the movement of the verse (which is not Dante's). Conscientiously debarred from fulfilling its natural paragraphic movement, the blank verse has the businesslike, uninteresting trickle of pump-water. As with most persons who find blank verse an easy matter, Mr. Shaw is content to use it as a perfunctory envelope for substance entirely alien from it; but blank verse, like every other kind of verse, should not only be the inevitable envelope for its substance, it should be altogether integrated with its substance. We have said that blank verse is the natural equivalent of *terza rima*, and that *terza rima* in English is ruled out by reason of technical difficulties too grave to allow of faithful translation. But assuredly, to adapt the peculiar movement of blank verse to the peculiar movement of Dante's thought—and nothing else will do for a really adequate translation—will require very exceptional talent: indeed, genius.

One ought not to be too severe with Mr. Shaw's comparative failure in versification; one can only regret that failure should be the result of studious polishing as well as of initial facility. And Mr. Shaw gives us some cause for gratitude; his version, with its transparent sincerity, has at least made clearer than ever the metrical problem that, so far, bars the way to an adequate rendering of Dante. Blank verse is the only available measure; but blank verse must be used as it has never been used before. It must be made to go into a paragraphic movement that is not consequential on its linear prosody; but it must make this appear natural to it, in order to become integrated with the peculiar movement of Dante's thought. For in Dante, more than in any other poet, exact reproduction of the studied pace and gestures of his thought is absolutely necessary for a really vital translation. Coming now to Mr. Shaw's diction, we find it less easy to excuse him. He does not help us here to any improved understanding of the problem. It is sufficiently evident without his rendering, that timidity and caution in the imaginative use of words are unlikely to do much with Dante. It is true that there are many lines in Dante which must always defy translation. When, for

instance, Ulysses speaks of his own ardor for experience of the world,

"e degli vizii umani e del valore,"

we must simply recognize that the splendor of the line is not negotiable. We must just accept as inevitable the poverty of Mr. Shaw's version:

"And of the weakness and the strength of man."

Then there are several passages where Dante may be too downright for modern taste. Mr. Shaw avoids the possible offence; though it is not certain that modern taste is the final arbiter. But when, short of this, Dante is determinedly horrible, there seems no reason why Mr. Shaw should be mealy-mouthed, and tone his original down. One of the most appalling moments in the "Inferno" describes a sinner dreadfully tormented by a maddening itch. It is horrible; but the intensity and ferocity of its scornful imagination, and the iron gravity of its restraint, raise it above our prejudices into the height of poetry. And it is especially characteristic of Dante's paradoxical method of capturing sublimity in a net of trivial details. What is the duty of a translator, faced with such a passage? Mr. Shaw thinks his duty is to tone it down; accordingly, fifteen lines appear as four and a-half, and of these, two correspond exactly with the original, so that really thirteen lines are represented by two and a-half. The itch, and all its details, are left out. Mr. Shaw may think this improves on Dante; but it does not translate him. Such tamperings, however, are not frequent. More generally, what we have to object to is, that Mr. Shaw's English seldom vividly responds to Dante's Italian. Continually, the small details of Dante's poetry turn into commonplace. A couple of instances must suffice. Ulysses, according to Mr. Shaw, hoped for knowledge

"Of the unpeopled world beyond the sun."

Dante said "behind" the sun; and there is, poetically, all the difference in the world between the two words. A little thing, perhaps; but a serious symptom, which infects the whole work. Again, of the sparks from the miraculous river of light, Mr. Shaw says:—

"They sank again into the marvellous stream."

The passage is one of the famous pinnacles of Dante's art. But surely Mr. Shaw would have come nearer to its untranslatable effect if, instead of using the ordinary uninspired word "stream," he had tried for something corresponding to the exceptional word Dante uses—"gurge," which includes the meaning of "stream" in a much wider meaning. That is what lies behind a poet's choice of words—the desire to give the simple meaning embedded in an aura of related imaginative suggestions. And this is what Mr. Shaw's version, on the whole, misses. Mr. Shaw must not accuse us of niggling criticism. We do not find the major effects of Dante's poetry in his version, but we can scarcely expect to find them. We do expect, however, to find the minor effects—something answering to Dante's studious use of minute verbal suggestion. But Mr. Shaw is far too ready to turn this, one of the most remarkable qualities of Dante's art, into verbal timidity or commonplace. Nevertheless, we repeat that the solid substance of the "Divine Comedy" is exhibited in a case which, though nothing very beautiful or appropriate, is at any rate transparent.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter's "The Spiritual Message of Dante" is an attempt to state clearly and precisely what it is that the "Divine Comedy" means to us to-day. We may expect many such attempts in the near future. The more Dante is read, the further from any possibility of question seems his enduring value. But wherein does that value consist? It is possible to feel the value of a poem intensely, and yet to be in considerable doubt what the value really is. It seems likely that most people, if closely cross-examined, would turn out to be in that somewhat unsatisfactory position with regard to Dante. It is certainly unlikely that most people would be able to rest in Dr. Carpenter's answer. The ostensible subject of the "Divine Comedy" is a vision of the world seen in vast moral perspective. Is it here that we are to find the enduring significance of the poem? On the whole, Dr. Carpenter's answer is that it is here. His book is an eloquent and lucid, but not very inspiring or profound, piece of work. It will always be possible to say

something plausible for Dante's, as for any other, moral system. But it is a system so rigorous and particular that you must either accept it as a whole, or merely take it as an interesting expression of obsolete ideas. Are there many people to-day who can really accept Dante's moral system? Who sincerely thinks that Paolo and Francesca, say, or the Noble Heathen, are fairly treated? And if you begin to pick at the system, the whole thing crumbles; the more it is studied, the more interdependent it appears; failure in one important place vitiates the whole. But surely the fact that the value of the poem is not to be found in its moral system is proved by its profound appeal to readers who are not even specially interested in its ethics and theology. Carducci has a great sonnet, in which he declares that Dante's poetry survives the "detested ruin" of the Church and the Empire it celebrated. Allowing for Carducci's idiosyncrasy, this is evidently true. But what exactly is Dante's poetry? Is it merely his diction, his music, his imagery, and the amazing succession of tragic, pathetic, and triumphant personages? That seems to have been Shelley's view; but it does not account for the whole effect of the poem. We must, it appears, call in Beatrice. But there are many who read the poem, and find the reading a prodigious experience, without being able to make much of esoteric love. Beatrice does not by herself answer the question; but she helps us to an answer. She is, of course, much more than a woman. Dante's love for her meant so much to himself that Beatrice became the embodiment of perfect beauty, goodness, and truth—he re-created her into a likeness of the whole significance of existence. That is the secret of the poem. Its ostensible subject is nothing like commensurate with its inmost value; we shall only bemuse ourselves, and put the real question by, if we confine ourselves to looking for it there. That vast moral perspective, with Beatrice in her glory standing at the end of it—that is no more than the figurative expression of the poem's enduring meaning. Dante's mind is the type of the noblest and deepest passion known to humanity: the passion for significance in the world, in everything in the world, good as well as bad. And Dante's poem is the greatest and completest expression ever given to this passion. It re-creates the whole human possibility of existence, by forcing it to submit altogether to plastic imagination, and to be fashioned thereby into an experience of a world perfectly answering to the desire for significance. What we really feel, and what we can never cease to feel, in the "Divine Comedy," is not the actual shape of the world it so marvellously shows, but the triumphant passion which compelled the world into that shape.

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troops, you look aloft and see two flagstaves—the White Crescent of Egypt waves from the one, the Union Jack crackles jauntily from the other.”

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, adds the author, is “something exceptional and unique,” a political entity such as does not exist anywhere else on earth. In his weighty preface to this book, Lord Cromer describes this Anglo-Egyptian condominium as “a hybrid State of a nature eminently calculated to shock the susceptibilities of international jurists,” and also as “this extremely illogical political conception.” This hybrid, illogical arrangement becomes almost startling when one considers that Egypt is neither independent nor, of course, a British possession, but a province of Turkey, “and its ruler is theoretically the Viceroy of the Sultan, who has kindly permitted some British troops to ‘occupy’ the country temporarily to assist in maintaining order, with some British officials to help the Egyptians in the business of government.” As Mr. Low watched some troops on parade at Omdurman, and heard a British officer rap out orders in Turkish to Arabic-speaking fellahin conscripts from the Delta, it was brought home to him that he was “under the shadow of the Sultan in a land which is still, according to vague political fiction, linked on to that queer conglomerate, the Ottoman Empire.” This curious dualism has worked very well in the Sudan. Obviously, it would not work at all were the Egyptian half of the joint sovereignty not a mere fiction. If, as Mr. Low says, “to all intents and purposes the Sudan provinces are under British rule,” it is because Egypt, too, is under our control. In fact, the British Agent in Cairo is the virtual dictator (subject only to the Foreign Office) of all the Nile Valley, from Uganda to the Mediterranean; in theory, he is only one of the foreign Consuls-General in the Egyptian capital.

What is the secret of our power in Egypt? Ultimately, of course, it is to be sought in the Army of Occupation. But the ultimate argument is not for daily use. How is it that Lord Kitchener, technically a mere consul, can impose his every wish and whim upon Egypt with despotic certainty? On this point Mr. Sidney Low speaks vaguely and with discretion, yet suggestively. What he suggests is that, in course of time and by its public works, the British influence has created a great vested interest in its favor. When the present Khedive came to the throne, he proved somewhat refractory; but, says Mr. Low, in perhaps a significant phrase, he reconciled himself gradually by finding an outlet for his energies in schemes for “promoting the material and social welfare of his country, and the development of his extensive estates.” Here we are, however, on delicate ground.

“We do not govern Egypt; we only govern the governors of Egypt”; and with this pithy statement, our author leaves the topic. But there is a corollary too obvious to be ignored. It is that our position in Egypt, and therefore in the Sudan, is bound up with the maintenance of the Khedive’s autocracy. Full Parliamentary institutions, which, by the way, Egypt had more or less achieved just before our occupation, would reduce our influence, now all-powerful, to nothing. Mr. Low does not attempt to disguise our unpopularity in Egypt. The British Agent would relapse into a Consul-General. At the same time, the Sudan condominium would become unworkable. Since 1898, Egypt has “footed the bill” for the Sudan. Last year, for the first time, the Sudan paid its own way, thanks to a financial rearrangement with the Cairo Government. Yet five-sixths of the Egyptian Army is still required to garrison and police the Sudan. How little the fellahin conscripts like this service is shown by their habit of mutilating themselves or recklessly pledging themselves to the Greek moneylenders to purchase exemption. Mr. Low’s way out would be a Protectorate. There are difficulties here, too, of which he shows himself not unaware.

Of the value of our work in the Sudan there can be no two opinions. It is a source of legitimate pride. We found the country in ruins, its population reduced from nine millions to two under the cruel despotism of the Khalifa. To-day, under a wonderfully scientific and beneficent system of State Socialism, well worthy, by the way, of much more detailed study, this vast tract of perennial sunshine, two-thirds the size of India, is on a fair way towards becoming one of the most productive portions of the world’s surface, growing cotton that in quantity and quality will rival that of the Southern States,

breeding cattle on the scale of Argentina, perhaps rivalling the Canadian North-West in wheat and maize. Practical men talk soberly of Port Sudan as destined to become an African Buenos Ayres with an eventual population of a million or more.

The chief drawback of the Sudan at present is lack of labor, and Mr. Low suggests that Mohammedan India might well be drawn upon. With our great works of reclamation and improvement in Egypt everyone is familiar. What is usually forgotten, and what Mr. Low seems to overlook, is that Egypt has always been the most advanced and civilized of the Islamic countries, had done a great deal of reclamation work before we arrived, and, without our assistance, might have got nearly, if not quite, as far as she has done had she been given a fair chance. Moreover, it is at least arguable—and the enlightened Egyptian Nationalists have argued it with some force—that the fellahin have not benefited quite so much as people imagine. The peasant of the Delta, hard-working, thrifty, patient, skilful in agriculture as the French peasants of the Auvergne, is still as liable as before to fall into the clutches of the alien and unscrupulous usurer. Of that fact Lord Kitchener’s much-proclaimed Five Feddans Law is sufficient proof. There is something, too, in the Nationalist argument that, in its almost exclusive encouragement of cotton-growing, an all-exhausting and delicate crop, the British influence in Egypt has forced the fellahin into the economic fallacy of “placing all their eggs in one basket.” However, it is pleasant to read Mr. Sidney Low’s appreciation of the Egyptian peasantry. We may take a few sentences here and there at random:—

“There is scarcely a stronger man on earth than the Egyptian *fellah*, with his wide, square chest, his long, sinewy back, and his wiry muscles, developed by forty centuries of Sandow exercises, performed with the spade, the hand-pick, and the *shaduf* or lever with which he swings the water up from the Nile.

“The genuine native (of Egypt), the *autochthon*, born of the Nile silt, is a deliver of the soil, as he was before the Moslem or the Romans came. . . . In appearance, coloring, physical formation, he is like the serf of Pharaoh.

“He is typical of the peasant type—slow, obstinate, extremely shrewd in all matters that come within his comprehension. . . . He makes no outward show, but he is often a man of substance.

“In due course the *shaduf* will be superseded by the steam-pump, and the spade by a mechanical digger, and the peasant will crouch all day long inside a close cabin turning taps and filling oil-cans. The (Nile) water will be laid on in pipes, and the women . . . will be bending over a stocking-frame in a factory. Industrial civilization, like other luxuries, has its price.”

With these quotations we may take leave of a most lively and illuminating study. In Egypt and the Sudan, indissolubly linked with it by the Nile, British statesmanship has its own riddle of the Sphinx.

FATHER TYRRELL’S ESSAYS.

“Essays on Faith and Immortality.” By GEORGE TYRRELL. Arranged by M. D. PETRE. (Arnold. 5s. net.)

MISS PETRE is to be congratulated both on the publication of these important essays and on her illuminating and suggestive preface. The papers themselves are taken mainly from a journal written by Father Tyrrell in 1904, when he was still a Jesuit; but the collection contains matter from a later notebook of 1906; and the article, “A Perverted Devotion,” which played so decisive a part in his career, is reprinted. It appeared in the “Weekly Register,” a now defunct Catholic organ, in 1899. Into how short a time how many disillusionments have been crowded; how many happenings, pregnant with import for the future, compressed!

The Journal of 1904 was the incomplete scheme of a work on the philosophy of belief. More than one title had been under consideration; that given to the first chapter in this volume, “The Doctrinal Authority of Conscience,” was finally preferred. The one essential principle of the Catholic system, Pattison reminds us—and the reminder was never more needed than now—is the control of the individual conscience by an authority or law placed without it, and exercised over it by men assuming to act in the name of

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Heaven. Tyrrell's treatise is a comment on, and an enlargement of, these words:—

"The 'intellectualist' notion of Faith as an assent to mental puzzles on the strength of divine testimony is answerable for much unreality in religion. For Faith is the foundation of the spiritual life, and the vice of the foundation affects the whole superstructure. All this fiction, pretence, make-believe, must be purged away, if necessary, by a sort of Cartesian criticism, which cuts away everything questionable till it comes to a positive something that cannot be questioned, and on which the whole edifice may be more solidly constructed. This rock of irresistible reality is Conscience—the sense of the right and its absolute claims. For, let it be supposed that the will of a God who is other than conscience were revealed to us, should we not, before obeying, submit His will to the verdict of conscience, as to something higher and more absolutely imperative? Only conscience, therefore, can say, 'Thou shalt have none other Gods but me.'

"The very term 'God,' as meaning at least a person and a spirit is already a 'graven image' of the ineffable, nor can the Divine be presented to our understanding without being *ipso facto* limited and misrepresented; we cannot possibly express, what, nevertheless we feel and touch and resist and yield to, except in 'the likeness of something in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.' We are not idolaters, however, unless we affirm an existence and reality exactly correspondent to this image, and give it Divine honors. This is the beginning of evil, of unreality, fiction, and pretence; of belief in conceptions and inferences, rather than faith in facts, persons, and experiences. 'Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God.'

This position is saved from individualism by the inevitableness of the attempt to formulate these primary religious experiences, and to find a place for them in the schemata of the understanding:—

"Such formulations are as potent an aid to Faith as Knowledge is to life. And the little knowledge we might gather unassisted were of small avail as compared with that which we inherit and receive by communication, from the society in which we are born, and by virtue of which we are hurried through the stages of semi-beasthood and savagery, and started in life at the goal of all past development. In virtue of the religious teaching which we inherit, our conscience is awakened, stimulated, corrected, and guided by the formulated spiritual experience of all those whose lives have contributed to the shaping of our creed. For in the art of holiness, as in other arts, there are depraved and morbid tastes and negative errors, to be corrected by the *sensus communis* of proficient and experts; and the eccentricity which results from a failure to reach the normal and universal must not be confounded with the originality which reaches and improves upon it, and thus restores with usury what it has received."

"One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from the poets," said Joubert; and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints. And Dr. Arnold: "Look through the Epistles, and you will find nothing there condemned as heresy but what was mere wickedness, if you consider the real nature and connection of the tenets condemned."

It is, perhaps, not surprising that the divergence between a philosophical thinker, such as this essay shows Tyrrell to have been, and the Church widened. The field of Catholic theology is so vast that it would be difficult to name a proposition which, as such, could not be found in it. But to argue from this to its concrete legitimacy would be to take words for things. Father Tyrrell's view is, we believe, the only one open to an apologist who desires to be taken seriously. But it distinguishes theology from religion, and makes the former relative and provisional. Neither position can be accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. The outlook of this great institution is practical; it is interested rather in things than in ideas. And, if its rulers believe that, were they to take the ground indicated, they would fail either to hold their own or to extend their borders, we shall be slow to question their judgment. It is doubtful whether a reasonable and spiritualized Catholicism would retain—shall we say Mgr. Benson?—or attract, shall we say, the Bishop of Zanzibar? There are able and excellent men who, by their mental build, are not thinkers; and Catholicism attracts those who cannot, or will not, or at least do not, think. Father Tyrrell—it is the only touch of humor in a book which is not easy reading—gives an example of the *760r* of modern Catholicism which deserves both to be quoted and to be borne in mind:—

"The visions of St. Gertrude are true, are they not?" a devout Catholic lady recently asked a priest. "I do not know," was the reply. "But Catholics believe them, don't

they?" "I cannot say." "I heard someone say that they were not binding, and it did me harm." "I am sorry," said the priest. "Does not the Pope believe in them, and in the revelation of Blessed M. Mary Alacoque?" "For all I know, he may." "The Church accepts them, does she not?" "I do not know." "You believe them, do you not?" "I do not know them." "They tell us all about our Lord, and without them one would know nothing of Him." "Do you ever read the Gospels?" "Oh, no; they are so dry."

As nations, it is said, have the Government, so, perhaps, men and women have the religion, that they deserve. But, if it is the misfortune of the Catholic Church to possess many such laymen, it is her strength still to number among her clergy at least some such priests as the one described.

The chapter entitled "The Spirit of Christianity" touches on more debatable ground. It is the contention of the extreme Left of the critical school, represented by Drews, Salomon Reinach, and W. B. Smith, that what may be called the "received" criticism has made the Founder of the Christian religion in its own image and likeness, transforming him from a Syrian peasant into a twentieth-century divine. Schweitzer's famous "Von Reimarus zu Wrede," while it did not go all lengths, was written from this standpoint, which commended itself to certain advanced Catholic scholars on critical and (it is not impossible) on personal grounds. Not all the opinions of critics are critical; and critics are men. Father Tyrrell's account of the origin of Gentile Christianity, or Catholicism, will not indeed commend itself to Catholics. But it is not open to the charge of having been taken over from approved German sources: it suggests neither Harnack nor H. J. Holtzmann, but Thomas Hobbes. "If a man considers the original of this great ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive that the Papacy is no other than the 'ghost' of the deceased 'Roman Empire,' sitting crowned upon the grave thereof. For so did the Papacy start up on a sudden out of the ruins of that heathen power."

"We must invert the ordinary explanation of surviving pagan institutions and traditions in the Christian Church. It is not that there was first a Church which deliberately adopted a policy of accommodation, and took into itself all that was harmless or reformable in the religion of Rome. Rather it was that the Roman religion assimilated certain elements of Christianized Judaism, and notably its Christian spirit. . . . Gentile Christianity, or Catholicism, is paganism Christianized by a certain infusion of elements from the Jewish religion, as re-interpreted by Paul. But the basis of its theology, ritual, polity, hierarchy, is to be found in the religion of the Empire, in which it worked as a leaven, leavening the whole lump."

"That that religion was itself a synthesis or syncretism, of all that the world till that day had learned about God and man, heaven and earth; that the religion of Rome was a true Catholicism, or Empire or world-religion, is well established. The Gospel of Mark had now to be fitted into the forms and categories of that Catholicism. The 'Son of God' changed its ethical for a metaphysical meaning; the 'little flock' became an ecclesiastical polity; its elders or presbyters, priests; its overseers pontiffs; its spiritual, a juridical government; its chief bishop, an Emperor, and Pontifex Maximus; its love-feast an elaborate liturgical sacrifice; its simple decencies liturgical sacraments."

It is a brilliant *aperçu*, carried into detail with the insight and scientific imagination characteristic of the writer. And we question not the facts but the color given to them. The gulf between Jewish and Gentile religion was greater, the evangelical element in Christianity more positive and more decisive, than it presupposes or admits of. Of the sacrifices of the old law, God, says the Talmud, did not so much command as tolerate them; Catholicism, like the Levitical legislation, was, and is, "of the will of man." That naturalism is a residual element in religion is true, and that it has its uses is possible. But the Gospel is in essential conflict with it, and it with the Gospel; if we ask its origin, the answer is peremptory—"An enemy hath done this." "The natural man," says Sohm, "is a born Catholic. We are but servants of God by natural generation: sonship is first given us by regeneration."

The later essays start from and develop Lotze's doctrine of personality. The word "person" suggests a fallacy as surely as in a hunting country scarlet suggests barbed wire. "A certain conception of personality has wound itself into the fibres of our faith and our hope," says Miss Petre, truly; "the very limitations of that conception have become, to many of us, its chief meaning. Not even for something better do we wish to exchange the notions we have got. We fear lest the substance should fade to a shadow in the process

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of transformation." It is probable that what we call "personal" immortality is but a small part of the future that awaits us; that, while retaining all that is worth being retained of the present self, this may be taken over into and re-united with a larger self, in which it finds its full realization. "*Non omnis moriar*"; but there is much in all of us that is mortal.

"Those selfs and actions alone are real, are eternal, and true, which go to the building up of the Spirit; to the furtherance of truth and goodness, and reason and love; which are saved in the resultant, and enter into its constitution permanently. The rest are condemned, hated, overcome for all eternity; for 'separateness' is of their very nature. The good self and action is that which is harmonious with and subject to the universal self and action; in which, as in its instrument, the universal lives and moves and acts. Then, and then only, am I truly myself in the deepest sense."

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Dr. Graves's admiration of the "Emile" and its author is by no means unqualified. His condemnation of certain traits in Rousseau's character and conduct is as emphatic as Lord Morley's. He indicates—an easy task—the impracticable nature of certain precepts in the plan of the "Emile." But, having done all this, he acknowledges, in the warmest terms, the genius which the "sordid vagabondage" of its earlier years failed to crush or corrupt. And he traces to the "Emile," as to their parent source, the educational reforms that, from the eighteenth century to the present day, in the old world and in the new, have aimed at replacing the petrified methods of an artificial tradition maintained in the interests of a dominant class, by "natural" methods adapted to each stage in the pupil's growth from childhood to adolescence. To form the "good citizen"—the *homo honestus*; whether from the slums or the Mayfairs of the world—with his powers developed to their highest degree, for the inseparable good of his individual self, and of the State, the Supreme Educator (as guardian of equal opportunity) was the dream of the democratic reformers whose careers in Europe and America are recorded in this volume. If their ideal State be unattainable, just because it is ideal, it is none the less true that on the road thitherwards salvation lies.

As the various activities of the democratic movement constituted a vital unity analogous to that of a living organism, it followed that the educational reformer must encounter, with his allies, the political, social, economic, and religious reformers, the obstinate hostility of certain powerful and privileged classes. And so, in scores of passages scattered throughout these pages, we catch glimpses—quaint, self-complacent, patronizingly compassionate, egotistic, conceited, contemptuous, alarmist, inhumane—of the state of mind of the obscurantist opposition. "The lower orders of mankind are incapable of improvement," said, in their fright, the oligarchical Orders, when, in the last years of the eighteenth century, Raikes turned the children of the poor into his dismal Sunday schools. In the same epoch the "National Society for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Church of England" fought the reformer, Joseph Lancaster, on the ground that the scope and methods of his teaching tended to "elevate those who are doomed to the drudgery of daily labor above their station, and render them unhappy and discontented with their lot." In Virginia, before the birth of the demo-

cratic age and while the colonies were ruled from Westminster, Governor Berkeley "thanks God there are no free schools in this country, and hopes we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and sects into the world." The foes with whom the pioneers of popular and universal education had to contend were typified in the archaic Mandeville, who protested that "the meanest ranks of mankind have no need for learning"; that their business was "to labor, not to think"; to perform the drudgeries of life for their superiors, for which purpose "Common Nature" gave them "knowledge enough."

A vast stride it was from Mandeville to Pestalozzi, Rousseau's disciple, with his gospel of universal education for the regeneration of society, to whose schools, in the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, the young flocked from France, Switzerland, and Germany; whom "kings, nobles, generals, statesmen, educators, from all parts of Europe and America" interviewed in his classrooms; and who was "decorated by the Czar of Russia and half-a-dozen other monarchs." So startlingly novel was the Swiss schoolmaster's practice. In the old régime, "children were treated as adults in miniature." They had no physical training, but any amount of drill in "artificial deportment." Their mental training was a cast-iron, sterilizing discipline in words, words, words. Small boys wore powdered hair and a sword, frills, gilded cuffs, and under the arm the regulation *chapeau*. Small girls were "ridiculous imitations of fashionable women." But in the new kind of schools, hair-bags, pomade, powder, and adult costumes were done away with, and physical exercise, observation, and experiment, moral teaching, and the use of books, were "adapted to the successive stages of the child's bodily and mental growth." The greatest achievement of the democratic age is the discovery of the child.

The Roussellians, as Dr. Graves calls them, of France, Germany, England, and America were not schoolmasters only; they were statesmen. To the new system of education introduced by the Roussellians, wrote Fichte, when Germany lay crushed under Napoleon's heel, "must we look for our national recovery." But in England, especially, progress was, as it still is, slow. Dr. Graves describes how it was impeded by the House of Lords and by the Established Church—with her sectarian grip upon such bodies as the National Society and the Christian Knowledge Society already named. Whitbread's Bill, contemporaneous with the German philosopher's famous declaration, was thrown out by the Lords on the ground that it "took education out of the superintendence and control of the clergy." The doctrine of "natural depravity" was "inculcated as a prime tenet" in the teaching, after work-hours, of tired-out factory children of the age of eight. In the lower order of schools, to the taint ecclesiastic there was added, during the generations of transition from the aristocratic to the democratic stage, the "pauper taint"—more indignantly resented in this country and the United States as the democratic spirit grew stronger. In a most interesting section of his narrative, Dr. Graves shows how the long labors of America's great educationists ended in the establishment of the "common schools," free, universal, compulsory, for rich and poor alike; and how each new State, as it came into the Union, made it its first duty to provide, on the most generous scale, for the education of the rising race. Ending his survey with the year 1906, Dr. Graves writes hopefully of our "municipal universities"—Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol—in relation to the liberal ideal in education.

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"McGrath," were traced in connection with the soaring enterprises of Hallowell's Departmental Stores, Dorothy has married her impecunious cousin Stan, the "brainless Army type" of young man, and Amory, now Mrs. Cosimo Pratt, has made "The Witan," her nice little Hampstead house, a centre for all the friends of the cause, who know how to temper the inspiring wine of the Latin Quarter with the refreshing waters of Caxton Hall. They are all "free spirits," pioneers of the new movement, such as Laura Beamish and Walter Wyrton, whose "Lectures on Love" are spreading the light of emancipation from the old chains of wedlock far afield, from Putney to Golder's Green. But Walter and Laura, whose public life is "an impassioned protest" against social chains, have, in fact, taken the precaution of being secretly married, "in order that their offspring should not lie under a stigma." Then there is Mr. Wilkinson, the Labor member, in his square-cut pilot jacket, who scorns the "trimming" of such *dilettanti* as Mr. Brimby and Dickie Lemesurier, a lady who lives for art and talks Cézanne and Van Gogh to the villa followers of Nietzsche, Weininger, Finot, and Edward Carpenter. It is a perfect menagerie of "the New Movement" that had Mr. Onions has cleverly centred at "The Witan"; and the circle contributes to, and in part is sustained by, Cosimo Pratt's organ, "The Novum," an advanced "weekly," edited by the versatile free lance, Mr. Edgar Strong. The motive of the story is Amory's delicious interest in the enigmatic Edgar, and that individual's manful attempt to keep his proprietor's wife in her place, and yet not lose his job. There is irresistible comedy in the love-scenes between the pair, where Edgar Strong strikes so strongly the stern masculine note of "work and duty" as to concentrate all Amory's feminine energies on "inspiring." Even better, perhaps, since they are less tinged with farce, are the passages that introduce Miss Britomart Belchamber, the latest thing in governesses, a fair-haired, long-limbed, athletic young lady who dresses in "rough tabards and a half-gym. costume" when she dances "Ruffy-Tuffy" and "Catching of Quails" with the twins, Corin and Bonniebell. It is by the refinement of Mr. Onions's malice that we hear nothing at all of Amory's husband, the luckless Cosimo, till she accuses him of philandering with Miss Belchamber. And since the unhappy man finds nothing appropriate to reply when the progressive Amory "raises no objection," and reminds him of the private terms of their nuptial contract—viz., liberty to reach out to other affinities with an appropriate division of his money, Cosimo adopts her suggestion of a voyage to India for the good of "The Novum's" Indian policy. We shall not quarrel with the adroit way in which Mr. Onions tars all the "progressive" forces, politicians as well as hygienic cranks, with the same brush. Dorothy's uncle, Sir Benjamin Collins, a Governor, is assassinated in India by Mr. Suwaree Prang, who has inspired "The Novum's" Indian policy, and Mr. Edgar Strong seizes this psychological moment to bolt to the Continent, leaving the Pratts with their marital, financial, and public affairs in an unholy mess. It is all capital satire, the loose ends of which are so neatly wound up with the closing catastrophe that we scarcely like to hint that when the Miss Amory Towers type of girl marries money, she sheds her soulfulness, keeps a sharp eye on her husband, and sees to it that the family money is soundly invested in Vickers's debentures.

In "The Folk of Furry Farm," which farmstead Mr. Birmingham, in his friendly introduction, tells us must be located in Meath or Kildare, Miss Purdon opens a little discursively. Her style, at first sight, is not so attractive as Mr. James's "Paddy's Women," that remarkably racy series of sketches of Irish peasant-life which appeared about the time that the trumpets of the Irish literary revival began to blow. We take it that Mr. Birmingham never read "Jane's Hand In It," or he would have drawn a comparison between Jane and Miss Purdon's beggar-woman, "Dark Moll," who has her finger in every pie, and knows how to set things going the way she wants by dropping an artful word. Miss Purdon catches very happily the subtlety of the Irishman's mind, his happy social instinct, his genius for adapting his surface, and keeping his depth to himself. A good example of this is the chapter which describes how lame Ratigan, Marg's old lover, comes back from America, and gives himself out in Ardenoo

as a rich man. Soon bullocks begin to disappear from the neighboring farms, as though the earth had opened and swallowed them, and nobody bethinks himself of the disused breen in the Furry Hills, along which cattle can travel, for people are too superstitious to go near the fairy cleft at night. How it is that Ratigan is arrested by the police at the cattle fair with a stolen bag of money upon him, just as he was about to slip off to America, is never rightly known; but we know that Ratigan had been too mean to give Dark Moll so much as the price of a drink of porter, and that the beggar-woman "had a spleen in for him." The chapter "Rosy at Furry Farm," which tells how a poor girl, after burying her husband, Art, comes back to find her mother, old Mrs. Rafferty, dead in the Union, and then dies there herself the next day, conveys admirably the kindly peasants' delicate manner of breaking bad news to a neighbor. Perhaps the whole effect of these descriptions of humble life is a shade too refined and tender, but they are charming in their simple naturalness, and Miss Purdon is certainly an accession to the ranks of Irish novelists.

The most original and effective of the nine stories brought together in "Life is a Dream," to our mind, is "Going Home," the sketch of a passenger's feelings when returning to England after a fifteen years' exile, without a break, in a tropical island. Reeves, the returning exile, makes friends on the liner with old Mr. Brendon and his charming daughter, and tells them the story of his life, of his ups-and-downs as a planter, of his final lucky speculation in banana-land, of "the deep horror of the tropics that has crept over him, little by little," and of his "resolve to sell everything and come home for good." Reeves gets very intimate over his confidences, and is shocked by Miss Brendon's suggestion that he may be "bored in England." "That could never happen to me," he answers. For ten days, life passes in a golden mist of pleasurable fancies, but when the ship gets abreast of Flores, a slight depression steals over the planter-patriot. It decidedly is colder, and Reeves that day is extremely rude to a fellow-passenger who proposes to recite to him Tennyson's historic "The Revenge." When the temperature of the sea sinks twenty-four degrees in the night, and the steward remarks that "they'll be having real Christmas weather at home, sir," Reeves begins to feel an "ever-deepening apprehension." He passes the day muffled in a thick coat with a rug round his knees. He does not attend the prize-giving ceremony in the dining-saloon the day before the ship reaches Southampton, or sing "Auld Lang Syne" with his fellow-passengers, and when the steamer runs into a black, freezing fog off the Needles, he loses all control of himself. "He was full of the one irresistible wish to get away from here, back to the only place which had any reality for him." And Mr. Reeves returns to his tropical island by the next day's mail-boat! There is a neuropathic element in this study of impulse, one which the attentive reader can trace in some of the other tales. The influence of Mr. Conrad's work is clearly discernible in "A Remittance Man," "The Emerald Seeker," and "Blanca Pallilos," a story of a Malaga boarding-house, which is decidedly interesting in its atmospheric tension and disconcerting *finale*. Mr. Curle seems to us to find himself also in "A Memory," a sketch of a few hours' visit to a West Indian port, where the story of a broken-down hotel-keeper is bathed in a dream-like atmosphere of faded energies and stilled regrets. No doubt, the first tale, "Old Hoskyns," which records the shattering of the lifelong dream of an elderly clerk, after thirty-seven years' service, to travel East or West, will be the most popular.

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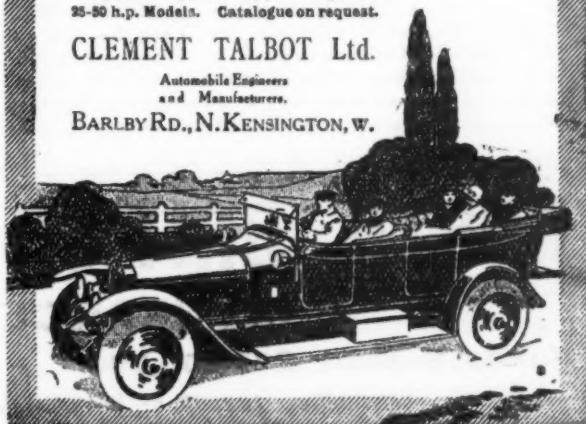
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THE position on the Stock Exchange has changed but little in the few days which have elapsed since the last issue of THE NATION. The time has been occupied by the arrangement of the settlement, and as that will be followed by the largest general holiday of the year (the House will be closed on Saturday morning), there was not much disposition to enter into fresh commitments. In spite of the restriction of business due to this influence and to that of the political uncertainty, the tone has remained very cheerful. The rush of applications for the Austrian loan, due to the applications of financial institutions like insurance companies, who can hold it for the good profit on redemption, reacted favorably upon Consols, and some of the high-class investment scrips followed suit. Argentine Rails became quite buoyant on the prospects of a bumper maize crop, and also on realization by the market of the economizing power of the companies, as shown by the reports of the Western and Southern Companies. Home Rails kept very quiet in view of the labor troubles in the North, and the fact that investment money, when it appears, flows more readily to other sections. The Board of Trade returns for March showed very big increases, particularly in imports, due partly to the incidence of Easter in March last year.

YIELDS ON AMERICAN STOCKS.

Many Stock Exchange bull speculators, despairing of any outburst of the gambling spirit on the part of the English public which might give the insider a chance of making profits, have turned to the American section in the hope that a revival in Wall Street may come before very long. There have been one or two spurts in Yankees during the last three months, but they have not been based on any solid foundation, and those who are tempted to be bulls at the present moment consider that, as most of the adverse factors have been discounted and there are several favorable contingencies which may mature, the market really offers something to "go for." It is thought that the force of the Mexican trouble has now spent itself so far as Wall Street is concerned. "Trust-busting" is no longer carried on as a war between politics and business, but by mutual arrangements which satisfy the politician and do no harm to legitimate business. The country is settling down under the new tariff and the Banking Law, and conditions seem to favor a revival in confidence and in general business activity as soon as some influence like good crops provides the necessary impetus. The railroads are waiting for the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the application of the Eastern roads to be allowed to raise their freight charges by 5 per cent. They complain that, under present conditions, new capital cannot be raised to provide the extensions which the development of the country demands. If the increase is granted, it will probably be followed by the raising of more capital and the placing of orders for rails and equipment, which will provide a fillip to the steel industry, which in turn will stimulate general business, so that its effect may be more far-reaching than the increase of earnings by the railways concerned. The

appointment this week of a new Commissioner who is known to be favorable to the railroad interests was looked upon as a favorable sign, though President Wilson was careful to explain that he was appointed because of his ability, honesty, and integrity. It is thought that the Commission will grant the railroads a 3 per cent. increase instead of the 5 per cent. for which they have asked. This advance would remove all anxiety regarding the maintenance of the dividends of certain railroads, and might enable those which have been reduced recently under the pressure of rising expenses to be restored to their former rates. As investments, many stocks in the market are certainly more attractive, as far as yields are concerned, than the stocks of some British railways:—

	1913. High.	Low.	Present Price.	Divi- dend.	Yield. £ s. d.
Atchison Common ...	110½	102½	99½	6	6 2 9
Do. Pref. (non-com.) ...	106	102½	103	5	4 19 0
Baltimore & Ohio ...	109½	102	92½	6	6 13 3
Chesapeake & Ohio ...	82	73	54½	4	7 8 3
Chicago & Milwaukee... ..	119½	109	103½	5	5 0 0
Illinois Central ...	132	125	114	5	4 11 0
New York Central ...	112½	108	93	5	5 11 0
Norfolk & Western ...	116½	107	106	6	5 16 6
Pennsylvania (\$50) ...	63½	60½	57	6	5 5 9
Southern Pacific ...	112½	101	97½	6	6 6 0
Union Pacific ...	167	150½	164½	10	6 5 9

The yields in this table allow for the fact that the prices are "London terms," which make the stocks look relatively dearer than they really are. Atchison looks cheap if the crops are going to be good; Pennsylvania, Chesapeake, and Baltimore if the freight-rate increase is going to be granted. The railroad traffic returns for the year up to date are not at all good, owing to the depressed state of trade and the effect of wage increases. Still, the crop outlook is hopeful, and those who are prepared to buy Americans and hold them for a time ought to be well repaid in the long run, for the trade of the country cannot remain depressed indefinitely.

A CAUTION TO MOTORISTS.

The outcry against the high price of motor fuel has brought out a number of philanthropic concerns which promise the motorist regular supplies of petrol at prices ranging from 10d. per gallon upwards in exchange for his membership, which involves the subscription of a number of shares proportionate, as a rule, to the supply of petrol which he may require. The invitations to join these concerns are not always drawn up in the form of prospectuses, and though they are crowded with glowing statements as to the advantages of membership, they seldom contain any details of the financial side of the business. If a motorist secures a few hundred gallons of cheap spirit and loses the capital he has invested in one of these philanthropic concerns, he may afterwards wish that he had kept to a standard brand of fuel, and he should not subscribe to any of these so-called "mutual combines" without assuring himself that the commercial basis of the scheme is sound.

A prospectus relating to a motor engine is still being circulated through the post after having been publicly advertised as long ago as October 28th last. This is the "V.C." oil engine, and the prospectus holds out prospects of enormous profits from the sale of the patent rights in various countries. As the invitation does not say whether even one engine has yet been built and the British Patent Office has only granted provisional protection so far, it will be a very optimistic investor who will take shares in the belief that somebody else will buy the rights of the engine at a huge profit to the parent concern.

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